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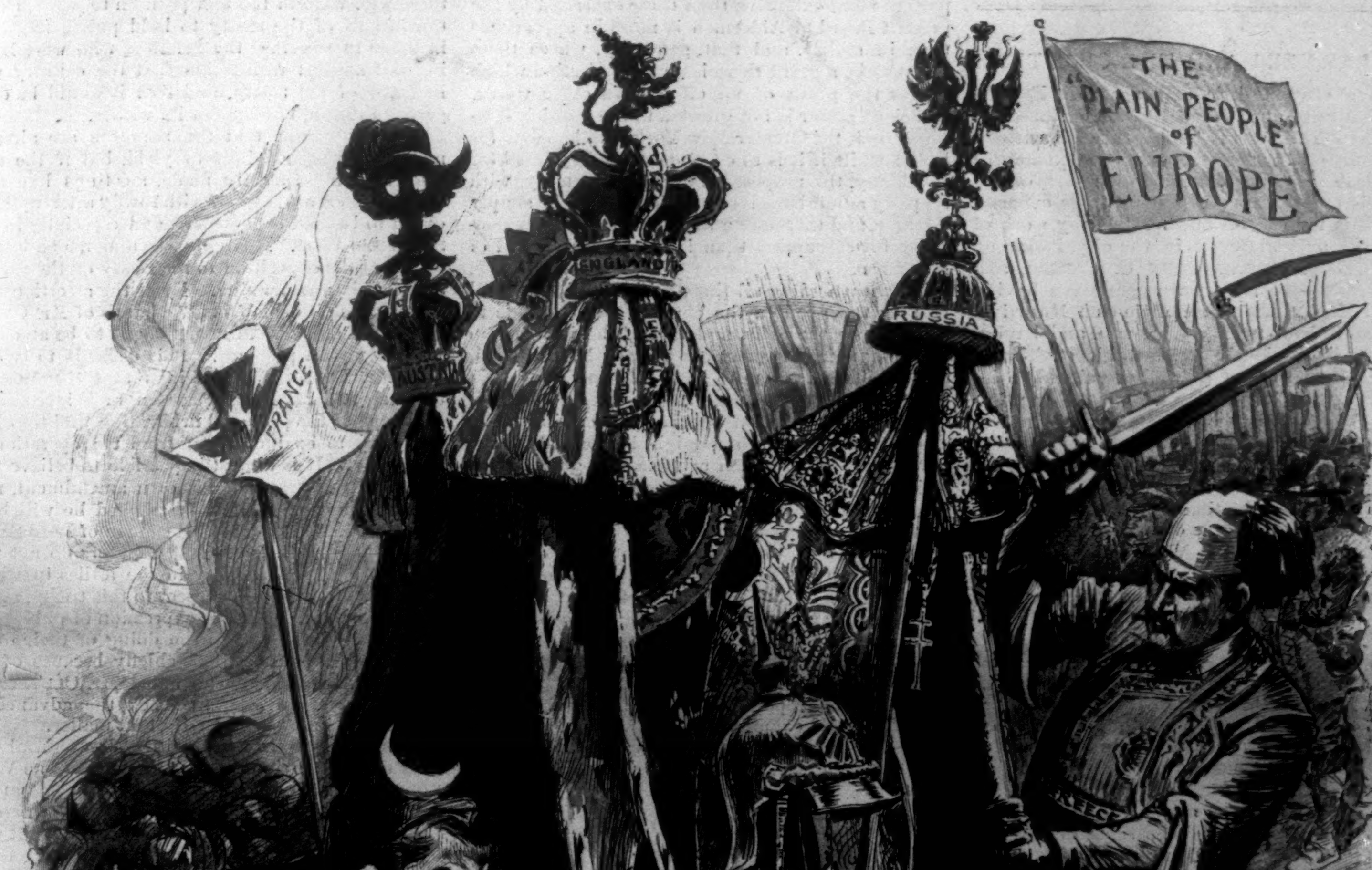
FRANCE
AUSTRIA
ENGLAND
RUSSIA
THE "PLAIN PEOPLE" of EUROPE
GERMANY
W. A. Rogers.

THE SEVENTH POWER OF EUROPE.

Harper's Weekly.

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THE LAWYERS AND THE CHARTER.

It was a characteristic action of Mr. Platt's Legislature to announce that the charter of the Greater New York was to be put through without amendments on the very day after the committee of the Bar Association had made its report on the bill. This report does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is the careful and trustworthy work of some of the ablest lawyers in the city, including Wheeler H. Peckham, John C. Carter, and Simon Sterne—the last-named gentleman having served on Mr. Tilden's Commission on Municipal Government about twenty years ago, and having ever since industriously pursued his studies on the subject. The report, as we have already said, is not exhaustive, but it goes far enough to prove that the charter in its present state ought not to become a law. It is, in effect, a demonstration that such a law would be a disgrace to the State—even to this State—and that it would be a cause of contention and litigation and of serious wrong and injustice to the citizens of the territory known as the Greater New York. We venture to say that in any other civilized country such a report on a proposed body of important legislation, coming from a committee of acknowledged character and ability, such as this committee of the Bar Association is, would at once prevent the immediate enactment of the measure. In a country where laws are not "jammed through" without amendment or debate a report like this would put the framers of the charter to the proof. But in the State of New York amendments and debate are not permitted by Mr. Platt, for the very good reason that there is no need of wasting time in debate when the fate of the bill is determined in advance by the "boss." Here it is not the question of what ought to be done, but of what Mr. Platt orders to be done. The Senators and Assemblymen are not the representatives of the people; they are the obedient servants of their master. If they were the representatives of the people, they would be obliged to pay attention to this report, because, so far as it goes, it is unanswerable, and because it shows, as the committee says, that if the charter is enacted, the present hope of bestowing upon "three millions of contiguous and mostly urban populations the unspeakable blessings of a simple, clear, orderly, efficient, and permanent local government" must be abandoned.

Let us consider a few of the defects in this proposed charter—defects mainly of haste. One of the principal evils of this haste is seen in the failure of the commission to specify clearly the laws and parts of laws that are to be repealed by the new charter. The general provision repealing "all laws inconsistent herewith" means that the commission had not the time to look up such inconsistent laws for itself, and therefore the burden of the search is to be thrown on the courts. The bill is full of qualifying phrases, which, as the report truthfully says, "were made necessary by the fact that thorough scientific workmanship was impossible within the limitations imposed." Some other evidences of haste are to be found in such a provision as that which makes any paper filed in the office of the county clerk, and certified by him, evidence, or in that which enables the city to obtain the fee in premises to be included in streets and public places without regard to the rights of mortgagees. Another blunder, and this is most important, is in the provision establishing a municipal court, which the committee shows to offend against the Constitution in more than one particular. In treating of the provision in the charter relating to the Police Department, the committee not only condemns the bipartisan police board, but takes the position that, under the Constitution, the Bureau of Elections should not be under the control of the Police Department at all. It is thoroughly well understood that the real reason for dividing the powers of a police board equally between two parties is that deals may be facilitated and plunder be shared. The ostensible reason for this bipartisan control of the police is that the Board of Elections is under the police power, so that if the committee of the Bar Association is right in holding that the Board of Elections should not be under the control of the Police Department, there remains no argument whatever in support of the bipartisan iniquity.

We have enumerated some of the weaknesses, inaccuracies, and evidences of hasty and unscientific work which the committee has found in the course of its examination of the proposed charter. On one other and much more important point the committee has reached a conclusion that sustains that which the Weekly expressed touching the municipal assembly. It holds that the grant of powers more extensive than those exercised by the present Board of Aldermen is more in appearance than in reality, and that, generally, where there seems to be a grant there is also a limitation which makes the grant of no effect. In other words, sufficient power is not granted to the municipal legislature if the Greater New York is to legislate for itself; while if it is to continue to be legislated for at Albany, the proposed municipal assembly, with its petty administrative jurisdiction, will be simply a larger, and therefore a more effective, instrumentality for corruption than is the present Board of Aldermen.

Notwithstanding all these criticisms, it may still be that the good in the charter can be made to overbalance the evils, and that if the jurisdiction of the municipal assembly should be extended, and the blunders due to haste and to the attempt to include in the charter as many as possible of existing laws without precisely describing them should be corrected, there might be secured for the Greater New York such a home-rule government as its people have the right to expect. But no intelligent man can read the report of the committee of the Bar Association without realizing that in the present form the charter ought not to become a law. Even Mr. Platt ought not to want a charter so indefinite and perplexing that its meaning must be unravelled by the courts, which may also find some of his most cherished provisions unconstitutional. At all events, as we have already said, no civilized legislature would pass a bill against which such a report had been made without further delay and examination, and without giving to those who drafted it further time for the rectification of their evident mistakes.

ADMIRAL WALKER FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

There is a movement on foot, and we are glad to hear that it is serious, for the appointment of Admiral Walker as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The Navy Department, like the War Department, is unfortunate in having a civilian head. As the cabinet was originally projected, its members were advisers of the President on questions of policy, and either because they were lucky enough to have effective subordinates, or because the business of their offices was not burdensome, comparatively little harm was done to the two military services by their unmilitary chiefs. But now matters are changed, and an infinite deal of harm is worked by intermeddling civilians. In the last administration Mr. Herbert actually assumed command of the navy, and obtruded his presence on fleet-commanders when they were manœuvring their squadrons. The most lamentable results followed. Mr. Herbert also passed on every question relating to the smallest details of the service—on the installation of electric plants, on the relative merits of steam-engines, on guns, on explosives, on projectiles, on the quality of coal and armor, as well as on the distribution of vessels and of officers and men. For the last four years the navy has been in command of a civilian, who has been advised by an admiral of his own selection, for whose opinion on a modern professional question not a single first-rate officer of the service has the slightest respect.

It is true that in Mr. McAdoo the department has had an admirable counterpoise, but what is really needed in the service, and at its head, is a military man. This is especially true of the navy because there is no commanding admiral. Now there is not a single officer of the navy of the first class, and very few of any class, who will not admit that Admiral Walker is far and away the best man of his rank in the service; and that means the best man in the navy; for although others may possess equal ability, they have not been tested as he has been, and have not had his experience. It is beyond question that if a war were to break out to-morrow, the administration would be obliged to place Admiral Walker, although he is within a few months of retiring age, in command of the fleet. Why shelve him, then? Why not take advantage of the happy opportunity to amend the law and make him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the real military head of the service? We are sure that neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Long would ever regret the appointment, while the navy would greatly rejoice over it.

NEW YORK ON ARBITRATION.

The best citizens of New York expressed their favorable opinion of the arbitration treaty, and urged the Senate to ratify it at a mass-meeting held in Cooper Union last Thursday evening. On February 27 the Weekly, expressing the view of those who were in the best position to judge, urged the friends of the treaty to hold public meetings in order to convince the Senators who were holding out against ratification that the country was in favor of the treaty, and that it would be dangerous to stand out against its wishes.

There are signs that the Senators are already making up their minds to yield, but if the surrender is not speedily made, meetings like that held in New York, even if with rowdy interruptions, ought to be held everywhere, and especially in the South and West. It ought to be understood by this time that the opposition to the treaty on the part of Senators is not genuine. Even the assertion that the treaty as it came from the hands of Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote ought to be amended was the merest pretence. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Lodge really thinks that the Monroe doctrine and the Nicaragua Canal are included in the scope of the proposed arbitration, and that it is necessary to exclude them from the operation of the treaty. It is almost impossible to believe that Mr. Davis is proud of his own amendment, now that he knows that if it be adopted he will have induced the Senate to play the game of Lord Salisbury. The truth is that the Senators do not possess the merit of sincerity in the follies in which they have indulged in respect to this treaty, and it only needs a little further expression of public sentiment to drive them to the doing of their duty. The treaty was imperilled chiefly because of the petty malice of men who hated Mr. Cleveland, and who were willing to check the advance of civilization in order to gratify that malice.

It is greatly to be regretted that the natural enemies of Great Britain, under the lead of one Wauhope Lynn, saw fit to create a disturbance at the meeting, but ruffianism is always possible wherever there are ruffians. On the whole, however, it may be said that the meeting, with its discord, fairly represented the sentiments of the people of New York. The brawling ruffians spoke from their hearts when they howled against the treaty and in favor of their leader's amendment, while the intelligence and conscience of the city spoke in behalf of ratification. The Senate can now choose between Seth Low, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Corrigan, and Charles S. Fairchild on the one side, and Wauhope Lynn and his mob on the other.

"THE POWERS" AND THE PEOPLES.

Mankind has not for a long time had so clear and close a view of the workings of European diplomacy as has been vouchsafed it in the treatment by the powers of the incident created by the intervention of Greece in Crete. For months, almost for years, the powers have been advertising mankind that their mutual distrust was such that they could not make up their minds to a joint intervention even to rescue the victims of Turkish tyranny. At length Greece was driven to intervene to save Crete from the fate that had befallen Armenia. All at once the concert of Europe, which had been shown to be powerless to free the victims of Turkey, was invoked to re-enslave them, and for that base purpose was found efficient and harmonious.

It is in proportion to the quickness of the response of government to public opinion that we may expect to find the governments withdrawing from the false and untenable positions into which a diplomatic concert has led them. It is Germany and Russia that show the most obdurate insensibility to public opinion: Russia because Russia has no public, and Germany because political Germany has by no means advanced at an equal pace with intellectual and social Germany. There is no more enlightened public opinion than that of Germany, but it seems that the German government can for a time resist German opinion.

The spectacle which Germany now presents is an object-lesson in dynastic politics which ought to be especially instructive to the German people. The Emperor of Germany, on his own single motion, under pretence of maintaining the concert of Europe, has visibly weakened the bonds of the Triple Alliance for the sake of conciliating the Czar. It is these two emperors who are most forward in the bullying of Greece, most reckless of the opinion of Europe. No doubt the Kaiser envies the Czar his docile and submissive population, such as Germany had a century and a half ago, and as Germany has no longer. Though the political advance of Germany has been too slow to suit enlightened Germans, it has been too fast to suit the Emperor. Nothing would please him so well as the political reversion of Germany to the condition of Russia. In that he cannot be gratified, but in the mean while it is without doubt more congenial to him to be doing business with an autocrat, such as he himself would like to be, who can answer absolutely for "his people," than with the representatives of peoples who insist, at critical times, upon answering for themselves. It is these two emperors who are insisting that the concert of Europe shall override the will of Europe. The policy of Prussia under Frederick the Great could scarcely have been more strictly a personal policy than the policy of Germany has been during these last weeks. The spectacle is not likely to be lost upon the peaceable and enlightened people of Germany. They will be apt to come to much the same conclusion about emperors as Baillie Nicol Jarvie announced about Highlanders: "They may quarrel amang themsels, and gie ilk ither ill names, and maybe a slash wi' a claymore; but they are sure to join, in the lang-run, against a' civilized folk."

THE PLACE OF THE CABINET.

The construction of a cabinet is the first duty to confront a President-elect. Always difficult, this task becomes harder with the growth of the nation and the increasing complexity of the conflicting interests involved.

Washington had no precedents, and was above all rules. His idea was to take the best men for the different places, without reference to personal rivalries or political divisions; and he succeeded for over four years in keeping the peace between Jefferson in the State Department and Hamilton in the Treasury. But Presidents soon recognized that cabinets would be most harmonious and serviceable if taken exclusively from the dominant party. Yet for some time it was held sufficient that the members represent this party, and men were repeatedly continued from one President's term into another, as Gallatin, who was Secretary of the Treasury for eight years under Jefferson and five under Madison, and Granger, who was Postmaster-General almost as long. The only approaches to the ancient system in modern times have been Hayes's choice of an inconspicuous Southern Democrat as Postmaster-General in 1877, and Cleveland's selection as his Secretary of State in 1893 of a man who had been a prominent Republican, though out of sympathy with the management of the party.

Undoubtedly there is now general agreement that a new President should have a new cabinet taken exclusively from his own party. But it is far more difficult now than it once was to secure men of the highest type for these places. A cabinet office was more attractive to an ambitious politician a hundred or even fifty years ago than it is to-day. The State Department long seemed a road to the Presidency—Jefferson taking the step after an interval of a few years; Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams directly; and, later, Van Buren and Buchanan, after an interval in each case. But of late the premiership has been rather the tomb of buried hopes than the pathway to higher honors.

The House of Representatives, and still more the Senate, have gained in attractiveness compared with the cabinet. Cases grow steadily more common where Senators are re-elected term after term, so that they serve consecutively eighteen, twenty-four, and even thirty years. Some States, like Maine, pursue the same system with their Representatives, so that Mr. Reed has served twenty years, and Mr. Dingley since 1881, with every prospect that each may return to Washington as long as he likes. On the other hand, the man who abandons a successful career in Congress, as Mr. Carlisle did in 1893, can seldom hope to resume it—Mr. Sherman's return to the Senate from the Hayes cabinet, in 1881, being ensured only by the good luck of his rival Garfield's election to the Presidency. Naturally enough, therefore, Mr. Allison shrunk from leaving the Senate, and Mr. Dingley the House, for the uncertainties of a term in the Treasury.

Grant undoubtedly cheapened the cabinet by treating it too much like a military staff, and later Presidents have inclined to regard its members somewhat in the light of clerks. These developments have contributed to rob a place in the body of its former charms. The public consequently wonders why a man should resign the life office of a circuit-judgeship to enter it, and doubts if Sherman would be McKenna's colleague if he could count upon another re-election to the Senate.

The "fathers of the republic" expected high offices to be filled by trained statesmen of long experience in subordinate positions. But when such men cannot be secured, a President must perforce look elsewhere, as McKinley has done for his Secretary of the Treasury. Happily, recent history has more than once justified such an experiment, as when Cleveland twelve years ago gave an Albany banker the opportunity to make an admirable record in the Treasury, and later enabled a Boston lawyer to show himself a great Attorney-General and a greater Secretary of State.

THE PRESIDENT ON ECONOMY.

President McKinley's inaugural address has been received by his own party with warm applause, and by fair-minded citizens not of his party with hearty praise of some of its utterances and with respectful and kindly criticism of others. There is, however, one point in it which seems to have failed to attract the attention and to obtain the commendation it deserves. In discussing the subject of government finance the President said: "Economy is demanded in every branch of the government at all times, but especially in periods like the present of depression in business and distress among the people. The severest economy must be observed in all public expenditures, and extravagance stopped whenever it is found and prevented wherever in the future it may be developed." And further on he added, "The depressed condition of industry on the farm and in the mine and factory has lessened the ability of the people to meet the demands upon them, and they rightfully expect that not only a system of revenue shall be established that will secure the largest income with the least burden, but that every means will be taken to decrease, rather than increase, our public expenditures."

President McKinley certainly uttered these sentiments in perfect sincerity. Neither would he have done so had he not seen an urgent reason for it. He had in mind the vicious practices for some time in vogue. He virtually denounced the reckless extravagance that has of late been generally prevailing. Nor can he have been in doubt as to where the responsibility for that extravagance rests. Certainly President Cleveland was not responsible, for he never failed to do all in his power to stem the reckless tide, and exposed himself to unmeasured obloquy for so doing. Neither were the Democrats in Congress alone responsible, although they unquestionably shared the guilt. No fair-minded observer of current events will deny that the Republicans who began the series of "billion Congresses," and who controlled the last House of Representatives and the Senate, bear the greatest part of that responsibility. It was, therefore, mainly to the Republicans in Congress that President McKinley addressed the reproof and the admonition. What will they answer? What they answered when President Cleveland addressed to them similar admonitions we know. They treated them as stale commonplaces to be contemptuously repelled. They told the President that they were "tired of this kind of impertinent lecturing," and then went on voting down his vetoes and spending the people's money right and left with a recklessness hardly knowing any bounds.

Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the Committee of Appropriations of the late House of Representatives, tries in vain to shift the responsibility upon the late Democratic administration, on the ground that the estimates submitted to Congress by the departments asked even for more money than was afterwards granted; for every well-informed person knows that the estimates, being made on the basis of existing practices, often contain many items which the heads of departments themselves do not approve of, and which they hope to see cut down or thrown out. It is equally useless to suggest as a remedy for the prevailing extravagance, which he admits, a different arrangement of the appropriation bills and the exclusion from them of private claims. The rules of the House and of the Senate have not been the real cause of the disease, and a mere reform of those rules, however desirable, will not be a sufficient remedy. The true cause has been the prevalence of the spirit of small politics among our members of Congress—their eager endeavor to win cheap popularity by getting appropriations to be expended in their districts or States, whether useful or not; or to make themselves "solid" with this or that class of people by putting public money into their pockets; or to give their party control of large public expenditures which may be turned to its advantage; or to exhibit themselves as glorious patriots by providing for costly and superfluous armaments. Hence the scandals of the river and harbor bills, squandering millions for absurd schemes; hence the large sums spent for public buildings in places where they are unnecessary; hence the pension bills going far beyond the just and generous provision for our war veterans which every good citizen is in favor of, and serving more to incite fraud and to enrich scheming pension attorneys than to support worthy defenders of the country; hence the lavish appropriations for war-ships which we do not need, many of which will be rendered obsolete by new contrivances almost as soon as their construction is finished, and which eventually will call for a large increase of our naval force in officers and men, thus entailing heavy expense for the future. Such is the cause of the extravagance which President McKinley denounces as too heavy for the people to bear, and which he admonishes Congress to supplant with the "severest economy." It is very evident that this evil cannot be remedied by a mere change of rules, ever so wise. It will require a change of spirit.

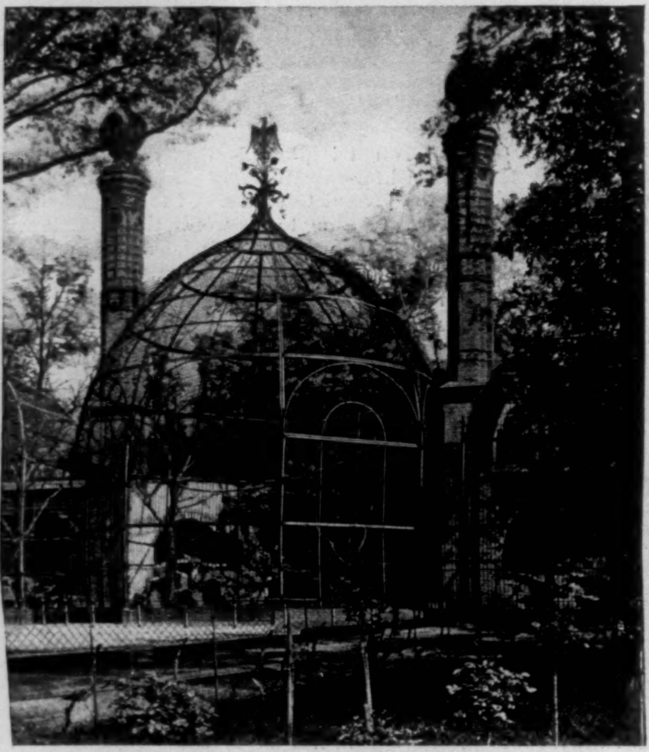
It is not improbable that the influence which worked for wastefulness before will also be potent in the present Congress. If the President means to act according to his words, the struggle will begin at once. He will find, as many of his predecessors have found, that the most difficult task of an Executive mindful of his responsibilities is not so much to baffle his opponents as to restrain his party friends. Indeed, it is by giving due heed to the criticism of the opposition and by denying unrighteous demands coming from his friends that the character of the man in power has to prove itself worthy of public confidence. This is the true test. At the threshold of his administration President McKinley may be met by a trial apt to be decisive for his whole official term. President Cleveland declined to sign three appropriation bills passed by the late Congress, because they were full of just that extravagance which President McKinley has so sharply arraigned; and a fourth failed to pass because the two Houses could not agree upon some schemes of expenditure. It is devoutly to be wished that the Republicans in Congress, moved by President McKinley's earnest appeal for economy, will expurgate those appropriation bills accordingly. But what if, instead of doing so, they send the bills to him for approval substantially as the late Congress left them? If the President signs them, and thus yields to the first attack, the consequences will be easy to foretell. The jobbers in and around Congress will at once conclude that President McKinley's vigorous plea in behalf of severe economy was, after all, nothing but talk, uttered to tickle the popular ear, without any stern resolution behind it. Every schemer for local jobs, every ringster, every corruptionist, every hunter after cheap local popularity, will take heart; the rush for appropriations will increase from year to year; and as, in consequence of the first manifestation of weakness on his part, the tide of extravagance rises, the President will be less and less able to make head against it. And what will become then of that "economy which is demanded at all times, but especially in periods of depression in business and distress among the people"?

President McKinley's first acts in this respect will go far in determining the tone of his whole administration. If at its very beginning he resolutely puts his foot upon every appropriation bill providing for any unnecessary expenditure of money, and gives his party friends to understand that he may be counted upon to do so again and again as often as similar occasions arise, he will have done more to stop extravagance and to establish the "severe economy" he advocates than can possibly be accomplished by any change of the rules, or by the most impressive preaching. Just now, during the honey-moon of his Presidency, he can begin more easily than at any other time. And it is of the utmost consequence to himself as well as to the country that he should. A right start is half the race. To be sure, there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth among the little band of beneficiaries. But he may depend upon it that the best men in Congress will stand by him, and every good citizen in the land, whether Republican or not, will clap his hands and say, "Well done!"

Carl Schurz.

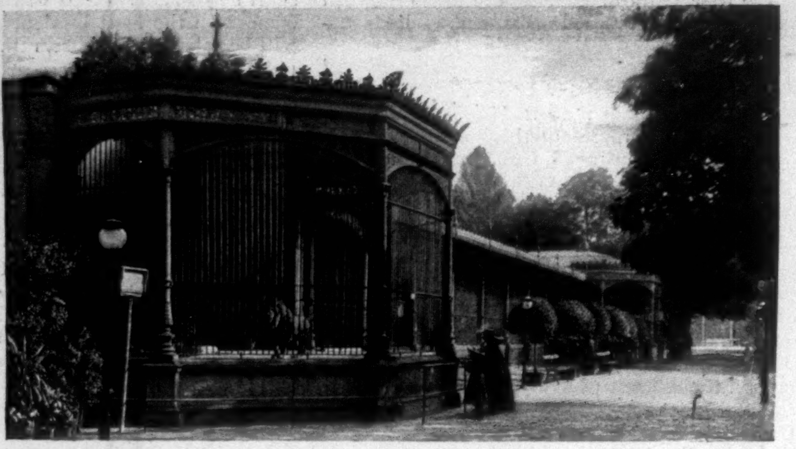
LONDON GARDENS—INTERIOR OF THE REPTILE-HOUSE.

ANTWERP GARDENS—INTERIOR OF THE LIONS' PALACE.
The Cages are on the Right.



BERLIN GARDENS—BIRDS-OF-PREY CAGES.

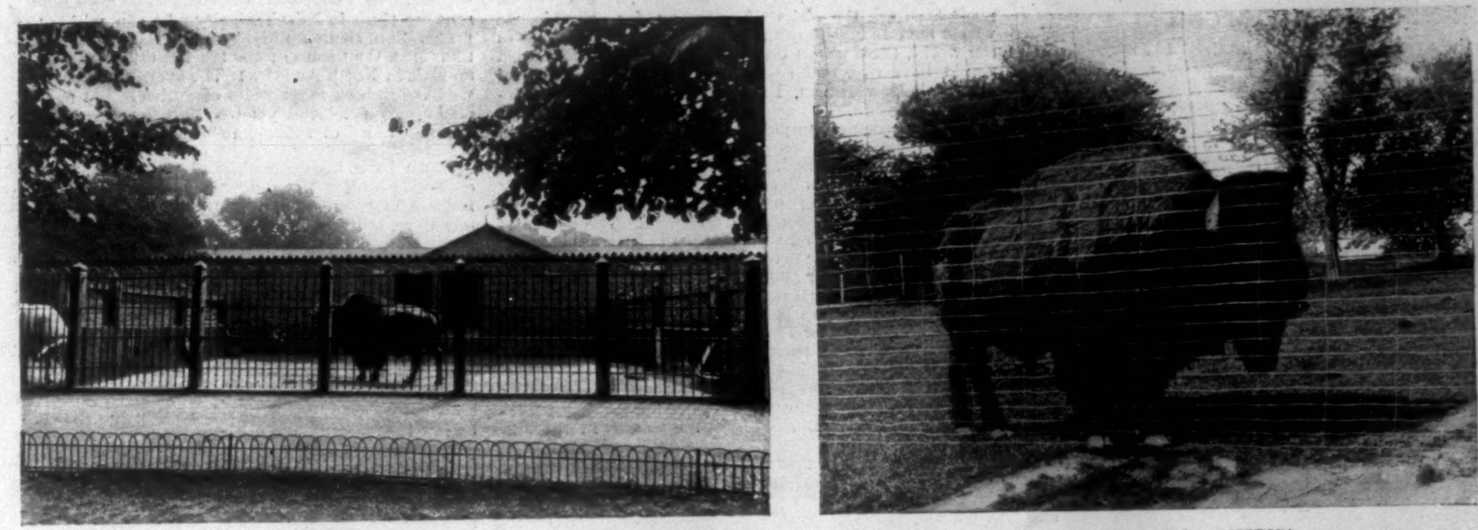
COLOGNE GARDENS—SEA-LION POOL AND ROCKS.
The best Sea-Lion Installation and the best Rock-work in Europe.



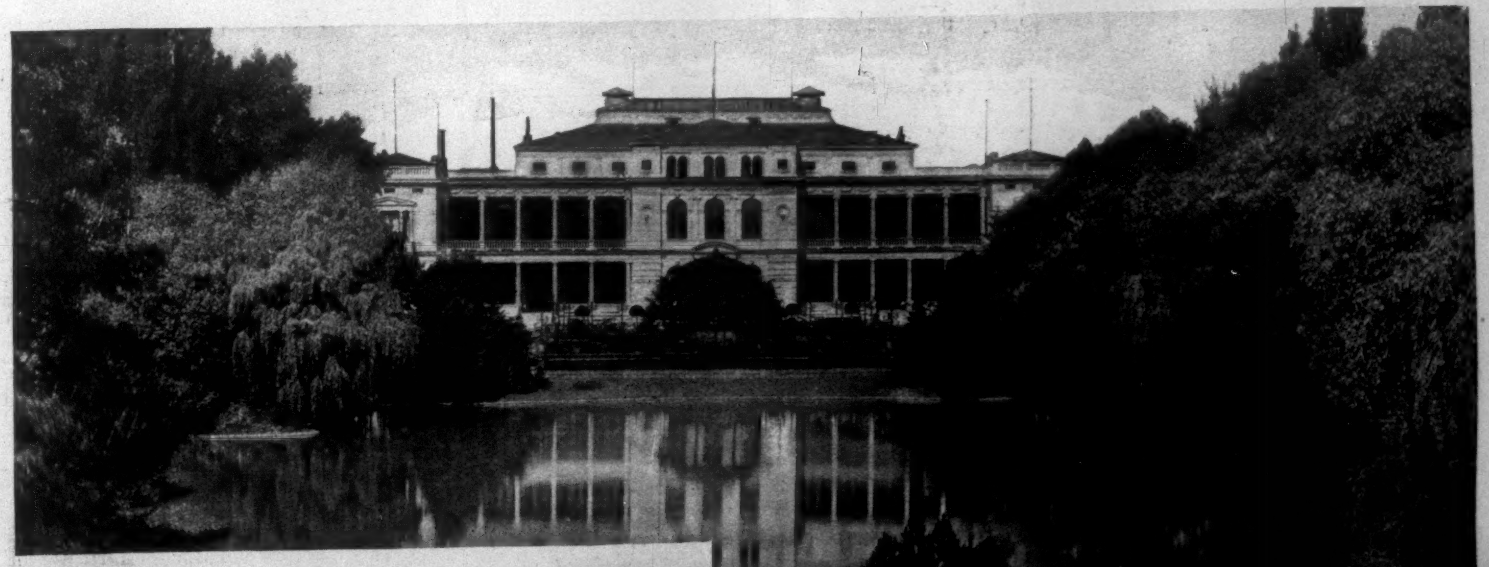
FRANKFORT GARDENS—OUT-DOOR CAGES OF THE LION-HOUSE.

AMSTERDAM GARDENS—OPEN SIDE OF THE LION-HOUSE.

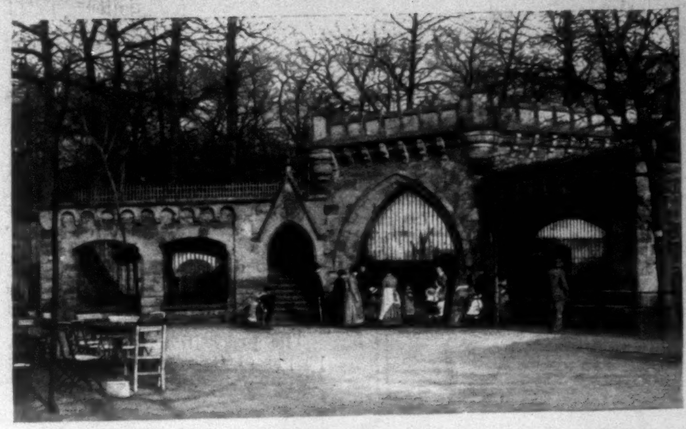
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS OF EUROPE.—[See Page 286.]



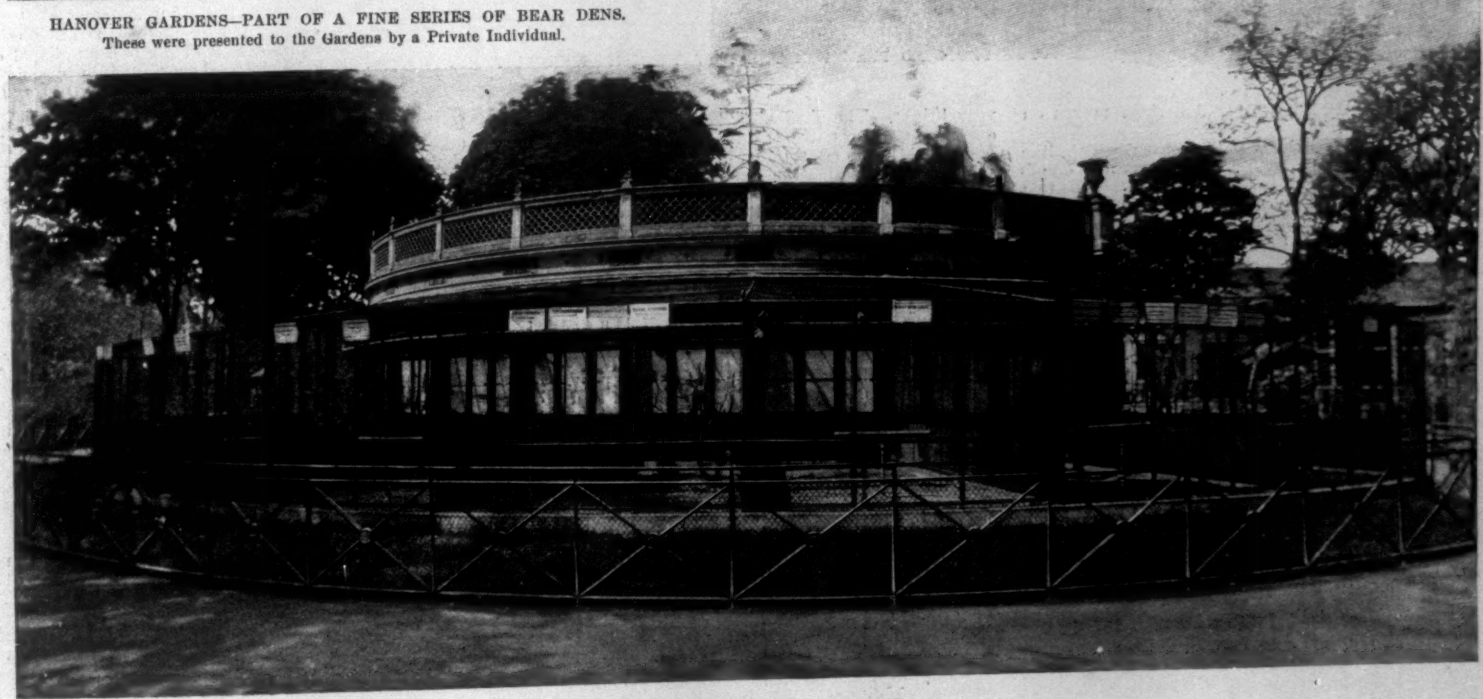
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN IDEA, LONDON.—Foreign and American Methods Compared.—THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK IDEA, AMERICA.



FRANKFORT GARDENS—THE GREAT RESTAURANT AND CONCERT-HALL.



HANOVER GARDENS—PART OF A FINE SERIES OF BEAR DENS.
These were presented to the Gardens by a Private Individual.



PARIS GARDENS—PIGEON AVIARIES.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS OF EUROPE.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

To the average American who finds his recreations in his own country, the number, popularity, and elegance of the zoological gardens of Europe are almost beyond belief. The American who does visit Europe, however, and is beguiled into visiting all the zoological gardens that lie in his path, soon finds himself a prey to a curious succession of emotions.

At London, which is the best place to begin, he is honestly and openly delighted with the bewildering array of living creatures. There are sixty different collections, representing nearly every country on the globe, and the specimens to be seen are so great in number, so rare and interesting, so well housed, and so comfortable that it is a matter of days, not hours, to see everything. He heartily congratulates the mother-country on the possession of the richest and most productive zoological society, and the richest series of living animals to be found in all the world—and passes on.

At Antwerp he is at first fairly dazed by the beauty of the grounds, the elegance of the buildings and appointments, the absolutely faultless character of the whole establishment and its administration. Each large building for animals is called a "palace," and not one belies its name. Take, for instance, the interior of the lion-house, or the "Palace of the Carnivores." "Why," exclaims the traveller, with a gasp, "this whole garden is as fine as the interior of an art gallery!" There is only one word which adequately describes the impression given by the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Antwerp, and that is—stunning! No wonder the society numbers 5000 members, and has "money to burn"! Every afternoon and evening in pleasant weather the gardens are the grand centre of attraction to the best people of Antwerp. If New York city possessed a duplicate of that zoological garden, the price of a kingdom could not buy it, nor could all the legislative power of the Empire State ever despoil it of a single brick or bar.

Rotterdam is only two hours distant, and the visitor to its zoological garden is charmed afresh by entirely new features, one of which is the very picturesque lake that has been made for the landscape—and the ducks. In the tall trees that surround the huge flying-cage—the first one built in Europe—*wild herons* are nesting and rearing their young! And as the American visitor looks at this novel sight, and at the gorgeous flamingoes and scarlet ibises, and the snow-white herons and egrets and storks, wheeling and circling in the top of their monster cage, he is sensible of a distinct feeling of envy and regret.

At Amsterdam, where he enters another garden that is like a veritable fairyland, walks down a shady avenue between two long lines of brilliantly colored macaws hanging in the open air, slowly takes his way through lanes of rare birds and quadrupeds, and sees the splendid physical condition of every creature, and the exquisite cleanliness of all, he begins to be fairly consumed with envy. This zoological society also has a membership of over 4000, and seemingly possesses all the various kinds of wild animals that money can buy. But how do they keep everything in such fine condition? A few leading questions easily reveal the secret—rigid adherence to the merit system in the selection and pay of keepers and helpers.

In Hamburg there is still another novelty—a zoological garden with a beautifully undulating surface, and the shade trees all disposed according to order. There is still the same succession of broad and smooth shaded walks, shaded yards, exquisite landscape effects, fine buildings, and mountains of masonry, inhabited by fine animals in a state of absolute cleanliness. This high degree of excellence is really becoming monotonous. Not a poor or ill-kept garden has been met with so far. And now our American moves on toward the southeast.

At Berlin he traverses the vast Thierpark, which, like Napoleon, is "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," and enters the zoological garden. But it is only to find grounds that are the most spacious he has yet seen (more than sixty acres), buildings that are the largest, most elaborate, and most expensive of all, and landscape effects surpassed by none.

The collections are undeniably very large and fine. To cheer the American by the sight of an old friend, Dr. Heck calls out a request to the keeper of the wild sheep and goats. The keeper quietly disappears behind a cave in a rocky crag. The next moment out bounds a magnificent big-horn ram, from the Rocky Mountains, larger and finer than any ever seen in an American zoological garden.

This is really the last straw. Our American turns at bay and indignantly exclaims: "Why should the cities of Europe have *all* these things—beautiful gardens and beautiful animals everywhere—and we have none of them? It isn't fair!"

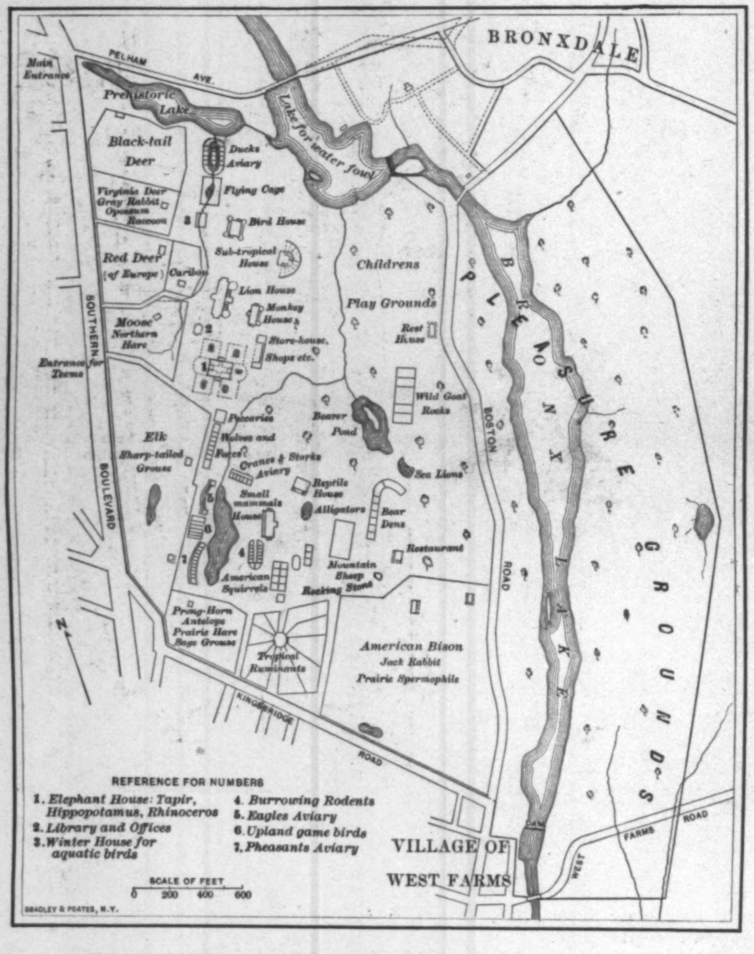
And this before even setting foot in the charming gardens of Hanover, Frankfort, and Cologne. There is no speculation in regard to what I have written; for quite recently I took to Europe with me a patriotic American in order to study "The Effects of European Zoological Gardens on the American Mind."

And really, is it not good cause for envy that in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France nearly every place calling itself a city possesses a good zoological garden, and some of those that are surpassingly fine are only a very few hours apart?

Their number and their magnificence are incontestable proof of their value to the public and of their popularity. If our Eastern cities were as well provided in this respect as are the cities of Germany, for example, we would have in New York city one of the finest gardens in the world, there would be another in Brooklyn, Newark would have one, and so would Harrisburg, Baltimore, Hartford, New Haven, Providence, Springfield, Bridgeport, and Boston.

It is not necessary to point out one by one the ways in which a great collection of living animals, comfortably housed and fully labelled, yields both pleasure and benefit to the people. Even intelligent savages are animated by a desire to know personally the living creatures that share with us the possession of the earth. The people of western Europe, who move through life less rapidly than we do, have taken time to consider the solid, healthful benefits and influences for good that emanate from every zoological garden; and the result we know. But in rushing, noisy New York, with its superabundance of haste and its lack of repose and restfulness, may now be seen the strange spectacle of a society of public-spirited men, who individually have nothing whatever to gain save the satisfaction that comes from the doing of a good thing, actually asking this city for the privilege of organizing a free public zoological park that shall meet the wants of our seething mass of people.

With the city's little menagerie and its fine new aquarium both crowded to the point of positive discomfort by the host of children and grown people who "want to see the animals," with 3800 acres of wild and unimproved park lands, and a society of men absolutely above suspicion standing ready to spend a quarter of a million dollars—with the certain prospect of their eventually spending much more than that—our prospect for a park is very bright. The Zoological Society's offer is, beyond question, the most liberal offer ever made to the city of New York by an educational body.



THE PROPOSED PLAN FOR THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

The idea animating the New York Zoological Society is distinctly different from that which yields the typical zoological garden. The latter usually means about thirty acres of well-ornamented and highly improved ground, in or near to the heart of a city, the whole area crowded with buildings and enclosures, and traversed by a perfect labyrinth of walks. While this idea has its good points, chiefly on the score of accessibility, the American idea of a spacious zoological park is put forth as a distinct advance.

In the crowded garden the large quadrupeds are either housed in buildings or confined in small pens. In the New York zoological park the allotment of space to each species will be far more generous than has ever before been attempted in a public park or garden. Instead of parcelling out square rods of ground to the deer, the elk, moose, bison, and their congeners, each of those species will receive an allotment of acres. Instead of showing one lonesome beaver in a cage of iron and concrete, ten by fifteen feet, it is proposed to give that very interesting species a quiet pond of an acre in extent, wherein a whole colony can build and maintain their own dam, and carry on their logging operations almost as freely as if they were in the Yellowstone Park. For the collections of apes and monkeys, something is proposed which we believe has never yet been seen in a zoological garden. For the lions and tigers, and their kindred, there will be cage developments of a nature that will surely make those creatures more interesting and more instructive to the visitor than any to be found elsewhere.

It is to be feared that the people of the Eastern United States are beginning to forget that North America has a rich and extensive mammalian fauna. How many persons are there in New York city who can, without special preparation, sit down and write correctly, in the order of their size, the names of the ten largest species of hoofed animals in North America? The average man knows that we have at least two species of squirrels, but beyond that all is mystery. And yet we have the richest and most varied "line" of rodents to be found on any one continent.

If we have here a zoological park, it will contain a collection of North American squirrels and burrowing rodents, and hares and rabbits, living actually in a state of nature, in trees and meadows all their own, which will really be something new under the sun.

If human knowledge can bring it to pass, there will be collections of North American game-birds, both of the land and water, such as have never yet been seen in a zoological garden. There will be a reptile-house, and a collection of serpents, saurians, and other reptiles which will at least strive to rival that admirable feature in the gardens of the London Zoological Society. If we do not have a collection of eagles, hawks, owls, and vultures that will be worthy of study and of some value to science, it will be fair for the public to ask the reason why.

But the crowning educational value of the zoological park will be its system of labelling its specimens. The best zoological museums know what it is to label properly, but we have yet to see or to hear of a zoological garden in which one-quarter of the desirable possibilities in this direction have been developed. Possibly the average director finds his many tasks hard enough without that. But, be that as it may, there is no reason why zoological garden labels should not be far more complete, more interesting, and more valuable to the public than they have ever yet been made.

The zoological park is to be open free to the public at least five days of each week, and wide open on every Sunday and holiday. It will be quickly accessible, and for a very low fare, from several directions, and by several lines. Its many collections will entertain and instruct, its great play-ground will furnish delight to throngs of little people, and its quiet, restful woods and picturesque water-sides will be to the tired and nervous business man more restful and soothing than any other spot within easy reach of Greater New York.

Stated briefly, the Zoological Society offers to plan the zoological park, to spend $250,000 in the erection of buildings, aviaries and cages, and in the purchase of collections with which to fill them. It will also be responsible for the successful management of the institution it creates. All this it will do if the city will allow a portion of Bronx Park to be thus publicly dedicated to zoology, and will maintain the park and its collections by means of an annual appropriation. This is the plan now pursued with the two museums, except that the city erects all museum buildings at its own expense.

In addition to the initial quarter of a million dollars, it is reasonably certain that the society will eventually contribute many thousands more—as is done each year by the American Museum of Natural History and the Museum of Art—for the increase of the collections, for courses of public lectures, and for facilitating the work of animal-painters and zoological students. It is the intention of the society to do more for the promotion of animal painting and sculpture than has ever been done heretofore in any similar institution.

The proposition means more to the people of Greater New York and the Empire State than the general public has yet even begun to realize. The proposition is really of national importance, and thus far it is absolutely without an enemy or a detractor. It has received, at the hands of the two municipal commissions most concerned, the investigation and careful consideration that every great public enterprise should receive before final action is taken. Mayor Strong, in reply to the earnest addresses of a committee representing 5000 members of the Tax-Payers' Alliance, who urged that the society's offer be accepted without delay, declared himself as heartily in favor of the proposition. He stated that the Sinking-Fund Commission is only waiting for the society to settle the details of its plan with the Board of Park Commissioners, and when that is done "it will give the undertaking a good send-off!" After long and careful consideration, the Board of Park Commissioners very recently approved "of the designation of the southern portion of Bronx Park as a suitable location for the zoological garden," and the details of an agreement or contract between the city and the society are now being arranged. It is therefore believed that the formal acceptance of the society's offer, on terms equally fair to the city and the society, is only a question of days. The society seeks no personal or selfish ends. It only asks the privilege of building up the new zoological park on lines which will insure the entire success of its expenditure and its work.

If half the plans of the New York Zoological Society are realized, New York's great zoological park will be the most popular resort open to the public within fifty miles of the metropolis; and it will also be the pride and boast of the chief city of the American continent, and of the whole Empire State as well.

The society invites every reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who is interested in the creation of a zoological park in New York city, in the preservation of our native fauna, in the promotion of zoology, and in the painting and sculpture of animals, to become a member of the organization. If the work of the society is sustained by a large membership, results of much importance to all lovers of animated nature will be achieved.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Laurence Hutton has given his famous collection of death-masks to Princeton University. There are over seventy masks in the lot, nearly all of them of very noted personages. It is the only notable collection of the sort in existence, and Mr. Hutton has been adding to it for the last thirty years. The story of its beginning is that one day, as long ago as the civil war, while Mr. Hutton was still a clerk in a New York store, he was standing in a book-shop when a boy came in with a death-mask in his hand, which he sold to the proprietor of the shop for fifty cents. Mr. Hutton identified the mask as one of Franklin, and assisted in the transaction. Mr. Hutton followed the boy out, learned that he had found the mask in an ash-barrel, and that there were more. Next day he located the barrel, and found in it six masks, which turned out to be another mask of Franklin, others of Wordsworth, Scott, and Cromwell, and casts from the skulls of Robert Burns and Robert Bruce. So the collection began. The history of its growth is full of stories, many of which have already been told in *Portraits in Plaster* (Harper's), the book which Mr. Hutton wrote about his collection some four years ago. Not much money was actually spent for the masks themselves—about $300, Mr. Hutton has said—but the expenditure of time and money in finding and identifying them has been profuse. It has been stated that Mr. Hutton was offered $30,000 for the collection by a London museum, but that story is not true. No offer of money was ever made for it, nor has a price ever been put on it. Mr. Hutton once offered it to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, but could not get assurance that it would be kept together there. At Princeton the collection will be placed in the new library now building, and as Mr. Hutton intends to have a summer home at Princeton, it will still be under his eye. It does not appear whether the university will feel an obligation to add to the collection as well as to preserve it, but the natural propensity of collections is to grow, especially after the fame of them has gone abroad and reached the junk-men.

The dinner of the Authors' Club to its honorary member, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, on March 25, at the Savoy Hotel, promises to be an occasion of much interest. Mr. Stoddard came to New York in 1835, when he was ten years old. His first volume of verses, called *Footprints*, was privately printed in 1849, but did not gain its author's approval, and the edition was destroyed. A second volume, published in 1852, has survived. In that year Mr. Stoddard became a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and ever since then he has been a writer in New York, though for twenty years—from 1853 to 1873—he supplemented his literary gains by the emoluments of public office. The poem beginning

There are gains for all our losses

appeared in *Songs of Summer*, which Mr. Stoddard published in 1856. He never wrote a better poem, though he has written many that are very good. Now, as always, good poets are somewhat scarce. There are persons who can write verse, and persons who can write pieces which compel perplexed ruminations in the reader's mind, and make him wonder whether they are poetry or not. But there are not many like Mr. Stoddard. He has written a good many poems which are unmistakably poetry, and are recognized as such at sight by people of ordinary intelligence. Poetry of this sort is certainly the most valuable. Poetry of the kind that needs to be assayed, like a piece of quartz, by a professed expert, to determine whether there is gold in it or not, may be profitable as an incentive to intellectual exercise, but as poetry it is not filling at the price. That sort of poetry Mr. Stoddard has never written, which is doubtless one reason why the Authors' Club is giving him a dinner.

The club will share its feast with any one who wants to do Mr. Stoddard honor and who will send five dollars (for a ticket) to Mr. Henry Marquand, treasurer, 160 Broadway.

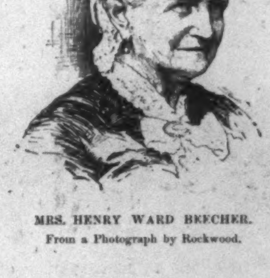
On March 10 the New York *World* published a long and emphatic editorial in support of the Ellsworth bill prohibiting the publication of the portraits of citizens of New York without their consent. Inasmuch as the excesses of the *World* and the *Journal* in portraiture have been supposed to have instigated the bill, it was surprising, at first sight, to find the *World* favorable to the measure. It seemed, indeed, more like a "bluff" than a serious stand. But the *World's* language is not only emphatic, but reasonable. It "does not believe that any periodical has the right to print the portrait of a strictly private citizen against that citizen's will," and "has no hesitation in saying that certain newspapers have carried this abuse of the art of illustrating news to a point which justifies legal interference." Yet it says the popular taste for pictures makes it hard for the *World* to abandon this feature alone by itself, and it favors a law, drawn with due regard for the Constitution, and making proper exceptions, which would restrain the publication of portraits within proper bounds. This sounds like a case of Satan quoting scripture; but, after all, what is more reasonable than that a newspaper of the abilities and opportunities of the *World* should welcome the possibility of emerging from the trough of sensationalism in which it has wallowed and making itself fit for decent company? There begins to be hope that the plague of the new journalism may presently be abated.

Here is a letter of Dr. Nansen to Captain Brown of the steam-yacht *Windward*, who brought him home from Franz-Josef Land after his perilous journey of over 300 days on the ice, in the course of which he made his "farthest north":

> My dear Captain Brown,—I hope you do not think me quite a brute filled with nothing but ingratitude, since I have not yet written to you. Certainly I need not tell you I can hardly get time to eat at present for all I have had and have to do. However, now I must write a few lines to thank you heartily for your very kind letter and the article you sent me, which interested me very much to see, but above all I must thank you for all your kindness, your hospitality, and your friendship. I need hardly tell you how highly I appreciate that, and how the memory of those days we spent together on board the *Windward* will last forever. To give you a small sign of my gratitude I send you an old Norwegian drinking-horn, which might perhaps find some corner in your house and will keep you from quite forgetting a poor wandering Norseman who, longing for home and wife, found shelter and friendship on board your ship. It is a drinking-cup of the same kind as was used by the old Norse Vikings, of which you always reminded me. Certainly you must be a true descendant from some one of them who settled down in your country. And now farewell. I look forward to meet you again. Ever yours sincerely,
>
> Fridtjof Nansen.

By direction of the stockholders of the Madison Square Garden, that property has been offered for sale. The capital stock of the concern is four millions, and the property is mortgaged for two millions. It cost about $2,600,000, and has never paid. One year it made about $2500 (which would not pay much of a dividend on two millions of stock), but usually it has run behind, and it has a floating debt of $140,000. It is a very popular building and a convenience to many people who live in or come to, New York; but the stockholders, while they recognize the expediency of maintaining it, do not regard its maintenance as obligatory upon themselves, and would rather spend their money in other ways.

The indispensable parts of the Garden are the big amphitheatre and the tower. The tower must be kept for us to look at; the amphitheatre for our convenience in holding horse shows, circuses, big political meetings, and other spectacles. We could not listen to a proposition that would involve the destruction of these two features of the building. No; we should see all the stockholders in the poorhouse first. But as to the theatre and the roof garden, and whatever other lairs abut on the Madison Avenue front, we would not make inconsiderate objections to any plan, acceptable to a competent committee on art, for such a transformation and rearrangement of that part of the building as would tend to make its ownership somewhat less burdensome. It is to be hoped that some provision for the future of this interesting structure may be suggested which will be satisfactory, or at least acceptable, to the stockholders without doing violence to our very natural and proper demand for the retention of such features of it as we are unable to spare.


MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
From a Photograph by Rockwood.

Mrs. Beecher, the widow of Henry Ward Beecher, died March 8 at her daughter's home in Stamford, Connecticut. She was eighty-four years old, and still so far from having outlived her strength that her death was due to two successive falls, and from a broken hip which resulted from the latter one. Her maiden name was Eunice White Bullard. Her father, Dr. Bullard, a physician, and of English birth, lived at West Sutton, Massachusetts, where she was born. She was educated there and at Hadley, Massachusetts, where she met Mr. Beecher while he was still a student at Amherst. After seven years of courtship she was married to him in 1837, when she was twenty-five years old. She had ten children, four of whom are still living. One of them, Herbert, lives at Port Townsend, Washington, and in August, 1895, she made the journey there to visit him. After her husband's death she continued to live in Brooklyn, and occupied herself with writing, becoming a frequent contributor to various periodicals. Her interest in Plymouth Church continued to the end of her life, and she regularly occupied the pew that had been hers in her husband's lifetime. She was a strong woman, courageous, faithful, and of remarkable vitality.

A friend of the Weekly finds fresh evidence that there is nothing new under the sun in the *Taming of the Shrew*, written, he says, "about the end of the sixteenth century by one Shakespeare, who makes Biondello say at the end of the fourth scene of the fourth act, 'My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.'" Hence we see that men were aware of the appendix as much as three centuries ago, and thought it prudent that a priest should be notified to be in readiness when it was about to be dealt with.

The letter of certain Yale Juniors to James Corbett, prize-fighter, which has found its way into print, has made everybody laugh, with a few exceptions. The exceptions include the gentlemen whose names and addresses are appended to the letter, their parents or guardians, the authorities of Yale, and sundry Yale men who think the name of that university has been taken in vain. The letter is a very amusing document. Corbett, as many readers of the Weekly must have learned from the daily papers, is to fight one Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nevada, on the 17th of March. On March 2 these thirteen Yale Juniors wrote to him expressing the deep interest "of the college at large" in him and his fight, and its hope in his triumph, averring that "here at Yale" he was regarded as "the highest exponent of the brainy boxer," and sending him a Yale flag, with the request that he should hang it in his corner at the ring-side, and "remember that it waves you a message of Yale luck and pluck." The family names signed to this letter identify most of the signers as sons of fathers noted for solvency and other approved qualities. When the letter was published and was discovered to be genuine, there was excitement in New Haven, followed by gnashing of teeth and pulling out of hair. The thirteen signers were requested by an indignant faculty to assume all responsibility for the letter, and to make it clear that they spoke in it for themselves alone and not for the university. This they did in a public statement. What further retribution will visit them may not at this writing be foretold, but the local undergraduate sentiment, as reflected by the *Yale News*, seems to be that the case calls for further treatment of some sort, and there has been talk of a mass-meeting and formal expression of public feeling. The agitation seems due not so much to any important Fitzsimmons sentiment which feels slighted as to the feeling that it is unseemly for Yale as a university to countenance prize-fighting at all. Something severe ought to be said to the thirteen Juniors for putting their names to a document containing such an expression as "exponent of the brainy boxer," but aside from that they haven't done anything that may not be forgiven, in view of their age and associations.

Certain interesting experiments lately made in Chicago, to the end of getting new sensations out of the game of golf, seem fit to be recorded in the interest of golfers now preparing to resume their occupation. To Mr. Charles Macdonald, who had become so inordinately skilful with his clubs that a new form of handicap seemed desirable for him, it was suggested that he should play a match with one hand against a clubmate who should use both hands. The match, being a novelty, excited interest, and various wagers of golf balls were staked on it. When it came to be played, Mr. Macdonald was surprised to find that he played pretty nearly as well with one hand as with two. The left hand has a tendency to pull the ball. His strokes delivered with the right hand only, though less powerful than those made with both hands, were powerful enough, and were exceptionally accurate. The one-handed drives were nearly as long as the player's usual drives with both hands. The most difficult strokes to execute with one hand turned out to be the approach shots and strokes made with a lofter, but these were not so ill done but what Mr. Macdonald won his match without difficulty.

Then the appetite for experiments being still strong, it was proposed that Mr. Macdonald should play with his eyes blindfolded. A match was made with a strong player, who gave him odds of one stroke to each hole. Goggles were provided which completely blindfolded their wearer. Mr. Macdonald before each stroke was allowed to take his position and address his ball with his eyes open; then the goggles were pulled down. He says that the ball was really just as visible to him with his eyes shut as with them open. His play was excellent, and he won this match as easily as the other. Both of these experiments, and the latter especially, were interesting tests of form, and showed how tenacious trained muscles are of the positions and motions which they have learned.

On another page of this issue of the Weekly is a group of pictures representing scenes and characters from the Historical Carnival given under the direction of the Central Art Association of Chicago, at the Art Institute in that city, on the evening of March 4. A carnival that falls on the second day of Lent would be considered a little late in some places, but in Chicago a day that is fit for the inauguration of a President is a good enough day for anything, and especially for a historical carnival, Lent or no Lent. On this occasion some 400 persons in costume contributed to the spectacle, and a thousand others in nineteenth-century clothes looked on. The procession which opened the entertainment was divided into five groups—Grecian, Roman Renaissance, Venetian Renaissance, German Renaissance, and Dutch—each illustrative of an important period in the history of art. The festival was successful, both from the critically artistic stand-point and as a social gathering, and it is likely to become an annual institution in Chicago. Festivals of the same sort are said to be held every year in Munich and in Boston.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, whose sympathies and energies are still devoted to the sick of the East Side, has moved her quarters from No. 1 Scammel Street to 668 Water Street, where she has better air and conditions more favorable to her work. Mrs. Lathrop still hopes to found a permanent hospital.

Professor Henry Drummond, who died at Tunbridge Wells, England, on March 11, was very well known in this country as a lecturer, a traveller, and as the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* and *The Greatest Thing in the World*. Both of these books had very large sales in this country, the circulation of the latter one being enormous. They were particularly acceptable to that large class of readers who know what they want to believe, and rejoice to have some one in authority make it seem reasonable to them. Professor Drummond got his authority from his reputation as a scientist and traveller. He was a Scotchman, born in 1851, educated in Stirling and Glasgow, and later in Germany. He studied theology, was a minister for a time, and later a professor in science in Glasgow Church University. He travelled widely. When his book *Natural Law* came out he was in the heart of Africa. Twice he visited this country—in 1887 on an expedition to the Yellowstone, and again in 1893 to lecture. His book *Tropical Africa*, the result of his travels there, was very successful; and indeed he seemed to have an amazing faculty for getting readers for what he wrote. The lectures included in his *Ascent of Man*, published in 1894, were delivered in this country the preceding year.

The picture on another page, showing a military execution of rebel leaders and others in the Philippine Islands, is taken from *La Ilustracion Española y Americana*. *La Ilustracion* in its comments expresses special horror at the iniquity of the three native priests (shown in the picture) in plotting against the power that had raised them to their places. God pardon them, it says, but seems hardly to mean it.

What will be the emotions of the old salts when they learn that the Hon. John D. Long, the new ruler of Uncle Sam's marine department, has long been president of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and that his appointment was urged by that self-denying organization as a recognition of organized hostility to drink? Some reassurance may perhaps be gathered from the words of a Boston newspaper, which represents Governor Long as "greatly interested in temperance work through the agency of moral suasion." Between being interested in temperance through moral suasion and being peremptorily eager to shut off people's grog there is of course a vital difference. The cultivation of temperance by moral suasion is not an innovation that even the navy need necessarily dread.

E. S. Martin.

TESS (MRS. FISKE).—ACT IV., SCENE II.

'Liza Lu (Edith Wright). Joan Durbeyfield (Mary E. Barker). Abraham Durbeyfield (Alice Pierce). John Durbeyfield (John Jack).

ACT II.—THE DURBEYFIELDS AT THE WEDDING FEAST.

Abraham. Joan Durbeyfield.

Marian. Tess. Alec (Charles Coghlan). 'Liza Lu.

ACT III.—THE DURBEYFIELDS' COTTAGE AT MARLOTT—ALEC TRIUMPHS.

Marian. Izz. Tess. Retty.

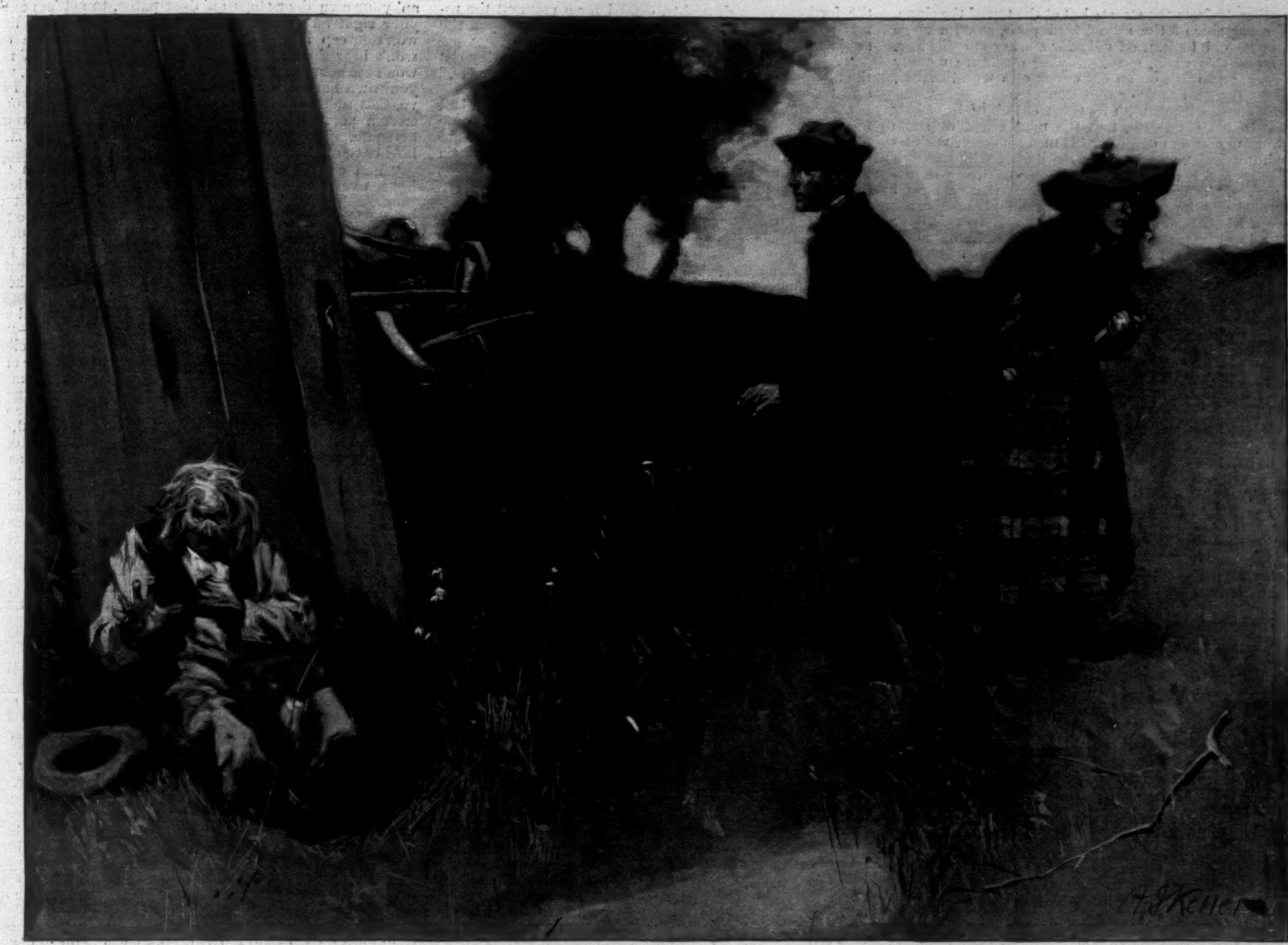
ACT II.—TESS AND THE MILKMAIDS AFTER THE WEDDING.

Retty (Bijou Fernandez). Marian (Annie Irish). Izz (Nellie Lingard).

ACT I.—THE MILKMAIDS AT ANGEL CLARE'S WINDOW.

SCENES FROM THE NEW PLAY "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" AS PERFORMED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Dramatized by Lorimer Stoddard from the Novel by Thomas Hardy.—[See "Life and Letters," Page 291.]



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XV.

JEROME EDWARDS, young as he was, had within him the noblest instinct of a reformer—that of deduction from all evils a first lesson for himself. He said to himself: "It is true, what Uncle Ozias says. It is wrong, the way things are. The rich have everything—all the land, all the good food, all the money; the poor have nothing. It is wrong." Then he said, "If ever I am rich I will give to the poor." This pride of good intentions, in comparison with others' deeds, gave the boy a certain sense of superiority. Sometimes he felt as if he could see the top of Doctor Prescott's head when he met him on the street.

Poor Jerome had few of the natural joys and amusements of boyhood; he was obliged to resort to his fertile and ardent imagination, or the fibre of his spirit would have been relaxed with the melancholy of age. While the other boys played in the present, whooping and frisking, as free of thought as young animals, Jerome worked and played in the future. Some air-castles he built so often that he seemed to fairly dwell in them; some dreams he dreamed so often that he went about always with them in his eyes. One fancy which specially commended itself to him was the one that he was rich, that he owned half the town, that in some manner Doctor Prescott's and Simon Bassett's acres had passed into his possession, and he could give them away. He established all the town paupers in the doctor's clover. He recalled old Peter Thomas from the poorhouse, and set him at Doctor Prescott's front window in a broadcloth coat. An imbecile pauper by the name of Mindy Toggs he established in undisturbed possession of Simon Bassett's house and lands.

Doctor Seth Prescott little dreamed when he met this small shabby lad, and passed him as he might have passed some way-side weed, what was in his mind. If people, when they meet, could know half the workings of one another's minds, the recoils from the shocks might overbalance creation. But Doctor Prescott never saw the phantom paupers slouching through his clover-fields, and Simon Bassett never jostled Mindy Toggs on his threshold. However, Mindy Toggs had once lived in Simon Bassett's house.

As Jerome advanced through boyhood it seemed as if everything combined to strengthen, by outside example, the fancies and beliefs derived from Ozias Lamb's precepts and his own constantly hard and toilsome life. Jerome, on his very way to the district school, learned tasks of bitter realism more impressive to his peculiar order of mind than the tables and columns in the textbooks.

There was a short-cut across the fields between the school-house and the Edwards house. Jerome and Elmira usually took it, unless the snow was deep, as by doing so they lessened the distance considerably.

The Edwards house was situated upon a road crossing the main highway of the village where the school-house stood. In the triangle of fields between the path which the Edwards children followed on their way to school and the two roads was the poorhouse. It was a low stone-basemented structure, with tiny windows, a few of them barred with iron, retreating ignominiously within thick walls; the very grovelling of mendicancy seemed symbolized in its architecture by some unpremeditatedness of art. It stood in a hollow, amid slopes of stony plough ridges, over which the old male paupers swarmed painfully with spades and shovels when spring advanced. When spring came, too, old pauper women and wretched half-witted girls and children squatted like toads in the green fields outside the ploughed ones, digging greens in company with grazing cows, and looked up with unexpected flashes of human life when footsteps drew near. There was a thrifty Overseer in the poorhouse, and the village paupers, unless they were actually crippled and past labor, found small repose in the bosom of the town. They grubbed as hard for their lodging and daily bread of charity, with its bitterest of sauces, as if they worked for hire.

Old Peter Thomas, for one, had never toiled harder to keep the roof of independence over his head than he toiled tilling the town fields. Old Peter, even in his age and indigence, had an active mind. Only one panacea was there for its workings, and that was tobacco. When the old man had—which was seldom—a comfortable quid to busy his jaws, his mind was at rest; otherwise it gnawed constantly one bitter cud of questioning, which never reached digestion. "Why," asked old Peter Thomas, toiling tobaccoless in the town fields—"why couldn't the town have give me work, an' paid me what I airned, an' let me keep my house, instead of sendin' of me here?"

Sometimes he propounded the question, his sharp old eyes twinkling out of a pitiful gloom of bewilderment, to the Overseer: "Say, Mr. Simms, what ye s'pose the object of it is? Here I be, workin' jest as hard for what's give as for what I use to airn." But he never got any satisfaction, and his mind never relaxed to ease until in some way he got a bit of tobacco. Old Peter Thomas, none of whose forebears had ever been on the town, who had had in his youth one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in the village to wife, toiling hard with his stiff old muscles for no gain of independence, his mind burdened with his unanswered question, would almost at times have sold his soul for tobacco. Nearly all he had was given him by Ozias Lamb, who sometimes crammed a wedge of tobacco into his hand, with a hard and furtive thrust and surly glance aloof, when he jostled him on the road or at the village store. Old Peter used to loaf about the store, whenever he could steal away from the poorhouse, on the chance of Ozias and tobacco. Ozias was dearly fond of tobacco himself, but little enough he got, with this hungry old pensioner lying in wait. He always yielded up his little newly bought morsel of luxury to Peter, and went home to his shoes without it; however, nobody knew. "Don't ye speak on't," he charged Peter, and he eschewed fiercely to himself all kindly motives in his giving, considering rather that he was himself robbed by the great wrong of the existing order of things.

Jerome, who had seen his uncle cram tobacco into old Peter's hand, used sometimes to leave the path on his way to school, when he saw the delving old figure in the ploughed field, and discovered, even at a distance, that his jaws were still and his brow knotted, run up to him, and proffer as a substitute for the beloved weed a generous piece of spruce gum. The old man always took it, and spat it out when the boy's back was turned.

Jerome used to be fond of storing up checkerberries and sassafras root and doling them out to a strange little creature with wild askant eyes and vaguely smiling mouth, with white locks blowing as straightly and coarsely as dry swamp grass, who was wont to sit, huddling sharp little elbows and knees together, even in severe weather, on a stone by the path. She had come into the world and the poorhouse by the shunned byway of creation. She had no name. The younger school-children said, gravely, and believed it, that she had never had a father; as for her mother, she was only a barely admitted and shameful necessity, who had come from unknown depths, and died of a decline, at the town's expense, before the child could walk. She had nothing save this disgraceful shadow of maternity, her feeble little body, and her little soul, and a certain half-scared delight in watching for Jerome and his doles of berries and sassafras. One of Jerome's dearest dreams was the buying this child a doll like Lucina Merritt's, with a muslin frock and gay sash and morocco shoes. So much he thought about it that it fairly seemed to him sometimes, as he drew near the little thing, that she nursed the doll in her arms. He wanted to tell her what a beautiful doll she was to have when he was rich, but he was too awkward and embarrassed before his own kind impulses. He only bade her, in a rough voice, to hold her hands, and then dropped into the little pink cup so formed his small votive offering to childhood and poverty, and was off.

Occasionally Elmira had cookies given her by kind women for whom she did extra work, and then she saved one for the little creature, emulating her brother's example. There was one point on the way to school where Elmira liked to have her brother with her, and used often to linger for him at the risk of being late. Even when she was one of the oldest girls in school, almost a young woman, she scurried fast by this point when alone, and even when Jerome was with her did not linger. As for Jerome, he had no fear, but the peculiar bent of his mind was strengthened by the influence of this place during his winters at the district school until he was seventeen.

The poorhouse in the hollow had its great barn and out-buildings attached at right angles, with a cart-path leading thereto from the street; but at the top of the slope, on the other side of the schoolward path, stood a large half-ruinous old barn, used only for storing surplus hay. The door of this great, gray, swaying structure usually stood open, and in it, on an old wreck of a wheelbarrow, sat Mindy Toggs, in fair or foul weather.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

Mindy Toggs's head, with its thick thatch of light hair reaching to his shoulders, had the pent effect of some monstrous mushroom cap over his meagre body, with its loosely hung limbs, which moved constantly with uncouth sprawls and flings, as if by some terrible machinery of diseased nerves. Poor Mindy Toggs's great thatched head also nodded and lopped unceasingly, and his slobbering chin dipped into his calico shirt bosom, and he said over and over, in his strange voice like a parrot's, the only two words he was ever known to speak, "Simon Bassett, Simon Bassett."

Mindy Toggs was sixty years old, it was said. His past was as dim as his intellect. Nobody seemed to know exactly when Mindy Toggs was born, or just when he had come to the poorhouse. Nobody knew who either of his parents had been. Nobody knew how he got his name, but there was a belief that it had a folk-lore-like origin; that generations of Overseers ago an enterprising wife of one had striven to set his feeble wits to account in minding the pauper babies, and gradually, through transmission by weak and childish minds, his task had become his name. Toggs was held to be merely a reminiscence of some particularly ludicrous stage of his poorhouse costume.

Mindy Toggs had dwelt in the poorhouse ever since people could remember, with the exception of one year, when he was boarded out by the town with Simon Bassett, and learned to speak his two words. Simon Bassett had always had an opinion that work could be gotten out of Mindy Toggs. Nobody ever knew by what means he set himself to prove it; there had been dark stories; but one day Simon brought Mindy back to the poorhouse, declaring with a strange emphasis that he never wanted to set eyes on the blasted fool again, and Mindy had learned his two words.

It was said that the sight of Simon Bassett roused the idiot to terrific paroxysms of rage and fear, and that Bassett never encountered him if he could help it. However, poor Mindy was harmless enough to ordinary folk, sitting day after day in the barn door, looking out through the dusty shafts of sunlight, through spraying mists of rain, and often through the white weave of snow, repeating his two words, which had been dinned into his feeble brain the Lord only knew by what cruelty and terror, "Simon Bassett, Simon Bassett."

Mindy Toggs was a terrifying object to nervous little Elmira Edwards, but Jerome used often to bid her run along, and stop himself and look at him soberly, with nothing of curiosity, but with indignant and sorrowful reflection. At these times poor Mindy, if he had only known it, drove his old master, who had illumined his darkness of mind with one cruel flash of fear, out of house and home, and sat in his stead by his fireside in warmth and comfort.

CHAPTER XVI.

One evening, a few weeks after his twenty-first birthday, Jerome Edwards went to Cyrus Robinson's store on an errand.

When he entered he found a large company assembled, swinging booted legs over the counters, perched upon barrels and kegs, or tilting back in the old scooping arm-chairs around the red-hot stove. These last were the seats devoted to honor and age, when present, and they were worthily filled that night. Men who seldom joined the lounging, gossiping circle in the village store were there: Lawyer Means, John Jennings, Colonel Lamson, Squire Merritt, even Doctor Seth Prescott, and the minister, Solomon Wells.

The recent town-meeting, the elections and appropriations, accounted in some measure for this unusual company, though the bitter weather might have had something to do with it. Hard it was for any man that night to pass windows glowing with firelight, and the inward swing of hospitable doors; harder it was, when once within the radius of warmth and human cheer, to leave it and plunge again into that darkness of winter and death, which seemed like the very outer desolation of souls.

The Squire's three cronies had been on their way to cards and punch with him, but the winking radiance of the store windows had lured them inside to warm themselves a bit before another half-mile down the frozen road; and once there, sunken into the battered hollows of the arm-chairs, within the swimming warmth from the stove, they had remained. Their prospective host, Squire Eben Merritt, also had shortly arrived, in quest of lemons for the brewing of his famous punch, and had been nothing loath to await the pleasure of his guests.

The minister had come in giddy, as if with strong drink, being unable, even with the steady gravity of his mind, to control the chilly trembling of his thin old shanks in their worn black broadcloth. His cloak was thin; his daughter had tied a little black silk shawl of her own around his neck for further protection; his mildly ascetic old face peered over it, fairly mouthing and chattering with the cold. He could scarcely salute the company in his customary reverend and dignified manner.

Squire Eben sprang up and placed his own chair in a warmer corner for him, and the minister was not averse to settling therein and postponing for a season the purchase of a quarter pound of tea, and his shivering homeward pilgrimage.

Doctor Seth Prescott, who lived nearly across the way, had come over after supper to prescribe for the storekeeper's wife, who had lumbago, and joined the circle around the stove, seeing within it such worthy companions as the lawyer and the Squire, and having room made promptly and deferentially for him.

The discussion had been running high upon the subject of town appropriations for the poor, until Doctor Prescott entered and the grating arm-chairs made place for him, when there was a hush for a moment. Ozias Lamb, hunched upon a keg on the outskirts, smiled sardonically around at Adoniram Judd, standing behind him.

"Cat's come," he said; "now the mice stop squeakin'." The men near him chuckled.

Simon Bassett, who, having arrived first, had the choice of seats, and was stationed in the least rickety arm-chair the farthest from draughts, ceased for a moment the rotary motion of lantern jaws and freed his mind upon the subject of the undue appropriations for the poor.

"Ain't a town of this size in the State begins to lay out the money we do to keep them good-for-nothin' paupers," said he, and chewed again conclusively.

Doctor Prescott, not as yet condescending to speak, had made a slight motion and frown of dissent, which the minister at his elbow saw. Doctor Prescott was his pillar of the sanctuary, upholding himself and his pulpit from financial and doctrinal downfall—his pillar even of ideas and individual movements. Poor old Solomon Wells fairly walked his road of life attached with invisible leading-strings to Doctor Seth Prescott. He spoke when Simon Bassett paused, and more from his mentor's volition than his own. "The poor ye have always with ye," said the minister, with pious and weighty dissent. Doctor Prescott nodded.

Ozias Lamb squinted slowly around with ineffable sarcasm of expression. He took in deliberately every detail of the two men—Doctor Seth Prescott, the smallest in physical stature of anybody there, yet as marked among them all as some local Napoleon, and the one whom a stranger would first have noted, and the old clergyman leaning toward him with a subtle inclination of mind as well as body; then he spoke as Jerome entered.

Jerome laid the empty sack which he had brought for meal on the counter and stood about to listen with the rest. Squire Eben Merritt, having given his chair to the minister and squared up his great shoulders against a pile of boxes on the counter, was near him, and saluted him with a friendly nod, which Jerome returned with a more ardent flash of his black eyes than ever a girl had called forth yet. Jerome adored this great kindly Squire, against whom he was always fiercely on his guard lest he tender him gratuitous favors, and his indebtedness to whom was his great burden of life.

His uncle Ozias did not notice him or pause in his harangue. "The poor ye have always with ye, the poor ye have always with ye," he was repeating with a very snarl of sarcasm. "I reckon ye do, an' why? Why is it that folks had the Man that give that sayin' to the world with 'em, and made Him suffer and die? It was the same reason for both. D'ye want to know what 'twas? Well, I'll tell ye—it don't take a very sharp mind to ferret that out. It don't even take college larnin'. It is because from the very foundations of this green airth the rich and the wicked and the proud have had the mastery over it, an' their horns have been exalted. The Lord knows they've got horns to their own elevation an' the hurt of others, as much as any horned animals, though none of us can see 'em sproutin', no matter how hard we squint."

With that Ozias Lamb gave a quick glance, pointed with driest humor, from under his bent brows at Simon Bassett's great jungle of gray hair and Doctor Prescott's spidery sprawl of red wig. A subdued and half-alarmed chuckle ran through the company. Simon Bassett chewed imperturbably, but Doctor Seth Prescott's handsome face was pale with controlled wrath.

Ozias continued: "I tell ye that is the reason for all the sufferin', an' the wrongs, an' the crucifixion, on this airth. The rich are the reason for it all; the rich are the reason for the poor. If the money wa'n't in one pocket it would be in many; if the bread wa'n't all in one cupboard there wouldn't be so many empty; if all the garments wa'n't packed away in one chest there wouldn't so many go bare. There's money enough, an' food enough, an' clothes enough in this very town for the whole lot, an' it's the few that holds 'em that makes the paupers."

Doctor Seth Prescott's mouth was a white line of suppression. Some of the men exchanged glances of consternation. Cyrus Robinson's clerk, Samson Loud, leaning over the counter beside his employer, said "I swan!" under his breath. As for Cyrus Robinson, he was doubtful whether or not to order this turbulent spirit out of his domain, especially since he was no longer a good customer of his, but worked for and traded with the storekeeper in Dale.

He looked around at his son Elisha, who was married now these three years to Abigail Mack, had two children, and a share in the business; but he got no suggestion from him. Elisha, who had grown very stout, sat comfortably on a half-barrel of sugar inside the counter, sucking a stick of peppermint candy, unmoved by anything, even the entrance of his old enemy, Jerome. As Cyrus Robinson was making up his mind to say something, Doctor Seth Prescott spoke, coldly and magisterially, without moving a muscle in his face, which was like a fine pale mask.

"May I ask Mr. Lamb," he said, "how long, in his judgment, when the money shall have been divided and poured from one purse into many others, when the loaves shall have been distributed among all the empty cupboards, and when all the surplus garments have been portioned out to the naked, this happy state of equal possessions will last?"

"Well," replied Ozias Lamb, slowly, "I should say, takin' all things into consideration—the graspin' qualities of them that had been rich, and the spillin' qualities of them that had been poor, about fourteen hours an' three-quarters. I might make it twenty-four—I s'pose some might hang on to it overnight—but I guess on the whole it's safer to call it fourteen an' three-quarters."

"Well," returned Doctor Prescott, "what then, Mr. Lamb?"

"Give it back again," said Ozias, shortly.

Squire Eben Merritt gave a great shout of mirth. "By the Lord Harry," he cried, "that's an idea!"

"It is an entirely erroneous system of charity which you propose, Mr. Lamb," said Doctor Prescott; "such a constant disturbance and shifting of the property balance would shake the financial basis of the whole country. Our present system of one public charity, to include all the poor of the town, is the only available one, in the judgment of the ablest philanthropists in the country."

Ozias Lamb got off his keg, straightened his bowed shoulders as well as he was able, and raised his right hand. "You call the poorhouse righteous charity, do ye, Doctor Seth Prescott?" he demanded. "You call it givin' in the name of the Lord?"

Doctor Prescott made no response; indeed, Ozias did not wait for one. He plunged on in a very fury of crude oratory.

"It ain't charity," he cried. "I tell ye what it is—it's a pushin' an' hustlin' of the poor off the steps of the temple, an' your own door-steps an' door-paths, to get 'em out of your sight an' sound, where your purple an' fine linen won't sweep against their rags, an' your delicate ears won't hear their groanin', an' your delicate eyes an' nose won't see nor scent their sores; where you yourselves, with your own hands, won't have to nuss an' tend 'em. I tell ye, that rich man in Scriptur' was a damned fool not to start a poorhouse, an' not have Lazaruses layin' round his gate. He'd have been more comfortable, an' *mebbe* he'd have cheated hell so.

"You call it givin'—*givin'!* You call livin' in that house over there in the holler, workin' with rheumatic old joints, an' wearin' stiff old fingers to the bone, not for honest hire but for the bread of charity, a gift, do ye? I tell ye, every pauper in that there house that's got his senses after what he's been through knows that he pays for every cent he costs the town, either by the sweat of his brow an' the labor of his feeble hands, or by the independence of his soul."

Then Simon Bassett spat, and shifted his quid and spoke. "Tell ye what 'tis, all of ye," said he—"it's mighty easy talkin' an' givin' away gab instead of dollars. I'll bet ye anything ye'll put up that there ain't one of ye out of the whole damned lot that 'ain't got any money that would give it away if he had it."

"I would," declared a clear young voice from the outskirts of the crowd. Everybody turned and looked, and saw Jerome beside Squire Merritt, his handsome face all eager and challenging. Jerome was nearly as tall as the Squire, though more slender, and there was not a handsomer young fellow in the village. He had, in spite of his shoemaking, a carriage like a prince, having overcome by some erectness of his spirit his hereditary stoop.

Simon Bassett looked at him. "If ye had a big fortune left ye, s'pose ye'd give it all away, would ye?"

"Yes, sir, I would." Jerome blushed a little with a brave modesty before the concentrated fire of eyes, but he never unbent his proud young neck as he faced Simon Bassett.

"S'pose ye'd give away every dollar?"

"Yes, sir, I would—every dollar."

"Lord!" ejaculated Simon Bassett, and his bristling, grimy jaws worked again.

Squire Eben Merritt looked at Jerome almost as he might have done at his pretty Lucina. "By the Lord Harry, I believe you would, boy," he said, under his breath.

"Such idle talk is not to the purpose," Doctor Seth Prescott said, with a stately aside to the minister, who nodded with the utter accordance of motion of any satellite.

But Simon Bassett spoke again, and as he spoke he hit the doctor, who sat next him, a hard nudge in his broadcloth side with a sharp elbow. "Stan' ye any amount ye want to put up that that young bobsquirt won't give away a damned dollar, if he ever gits it to give," he said, with a wink of curious confidential scorn.

"I do not bet," replied the doctor, shortly.

"Lord! ye needn't be pertickler, doctor; it's safe 'nough," returned Simon Bassett, with a sly roll of facetious eyes towards the company.

The doctor deigned no further reply.

"I'll stan' any man in this company anything he'll put up," cried Simon Bassett, who was getting aroused to a singular energy.

Nobody responded. Squire Eben Merritt, indeed, opened his mouth to speak, then turned it off with a laugh. "I'd make the bet, boy," he whispered to Jerome, "if it were anybody else that proposed it, but that old—"

Simon Bassett stood up; the men looked at him with wonder. His eyes glowed with strange fire. The lawyer eyed him keenly. "I should think from his face the man was defending himself in the dock," he whispered to Colonel Lamson.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do, then," shouted Simon Bassett, "if ye won't none of ye take me up. I'll be damned if I believe that any rich man on the face of this earth is capable of givin' away every dollar he's got, for the fear of the Lord, or the love of his fellow-men. I'll be damned if I believe if the Lord Almighty spoke to him from on high and told him to, he'd do it, an' I'm goin' to prove that I don't believe it. I'll tell ye all what I'll do. Lawyer Means is here, an' he can take it down in black an' white, if he wants to, an' I'll sign it reg'lar an' have it witnessed. If that young man there," he pointed at Jerome, "ever comes into any property, an' gives away every dollar of it, I'll give away half of all I've got in the world to the poor of this town, an' I'll take my oath on it.

"But there's more than that," continued Simon Bassett. "I'll get a condition before I do it. I call on my fellow-townsman here—I won't say my fellow-Christian, 'cause he wouldn't think that much of a compliment—to do the same thing. If he'll do it, I will; if he won't, I won't." Simon Bassett looked down at Doctor Prescott with malicious triumph. Everybody stared at the two men.

"Why don't ye speak up, doctor, hey?" asked Simon Bassett finally.

"Because I do not consider such an outrageous proposition worthy of consideration, Mr. Bassett," returned the doctor, with a calm aside elevation of his clear profile, and not the slightest quickening of his even voice.

"Then ye don't believe there's a man livin' capable of givin' away his all for the Lord an' His poor, any more'n I do, an' I calculate you jedge so from the workin's of your own heart an' knowin' what you'd do in like case, jest like me," said Simon Bassett.

Doctor Prescott made a quick motion, and the color flashed over his thin face. "I made no such assertion," he said, hotly, for his temper at last was up over his icy bonds of will.

"Looks so," said Simon Bassett.

"You have no right to make such a statement, sir," returned the doctor, and his lips seemed to cut the air like scissors.

"What is it, then?" returned the other. "Are you afraid the young fellow will come into property, an' then you'll have to give up too much to the Lord?"

The veins on Doctor Prescott's forehead swelled visibly as he looked at Simon Bassett's hateful, bantering face.

"There's another thing I'm willin' to promise," continued Simon Bassett. "If that young feller comes into money, an' gives it away, I'll do more than give away half of my property—I'll believe anything after that. I'll get religion. But—I won't agree to do that unless you back me up, doctor. That ought to induce you—the prospect of savin' a brand from the burnin'; an' if I ain't a brand, I dun'no' who is."

"I tell you, sir, I'll have nothing to do with it!" shouted Doctor Prescott. The minister at his side looked pale and scared as a woman.

"Then," said Simon Bassett, "it's settled. You an' me won't agree to no sech damn foolishness, because we both on us know that there's no sech Christian charity an' love as that in the world; an' if there should turn out to be, we're afraid we'd have to do likewise. I thought I was safe enough, proposin' sech a plan, doctor."

There was a great shout of laughter, in spite of the respect for Doctor Prescott. In the midst of it the doctor sprang to his feet, looking as none of them had ever seen him look before. "Get a paper and pen and ink," he cried, turning to Lawyer Means, "draw up the document that this man proposes, and I will sign it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

Tess of the D'Urbervilles is the only work of Mr. Thomas Hardy's which I have not read; and the other night, as I sat in the Fifth Avenue Theatre and witnessed Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's powerful stage version of the story, I was in pretty constant question whether I was the better or the worse judge of the play because of my ignorance of the book. I will say at least this for my ignorance, which still continues, that I was able by means of it to bring an opener mind to the enjoyment of the drama, and that I was not tempted to exact an allegiance to the novel which I could not feel the want of. I shall have this advantage, if it is an advantage, in writing of it, and I shall speak of it as if it were a play at first hand, and not a play at second hand, which the dramatization of a familiar story always seems.

I.

Of course so devoted, not to say so doting, a reader of Mr. Hardy as I gladly own myself must rejoice in the Hardy *quality* of the piece, which I was sensible of from the first moment. Whatever Mr. Stoddard had done with Mr. Hardy's story, he had given us Mr. Hardy's people, especially the most rustic of his people. Those three romps of girls who are all as much in love with Angel Clare as Tess is; the two or three hobbledehoys whom they let court and kiss them at the same time; Tess's deplorable father and mother, could nohow but by way of Mr. Hardy's fiction have come out of English country life. I found them vivid in their suggestion of a score of other rustic types in Far from the Madding Crowd, Under the Greenwood Tree, The Woodlanders, The Return of the Native, and all the rest; and I am very willing to share my gratitude for them between the dramatist and the players. The players were very good, and if I might choose without invidiousness I should say that the three young ladies who did the three romps were particularly true to their hoyden pathos. There was the sense of something naturally wholesome, something honestly *earthy*, in all this rusticity, which, if heathenish, would not have been bad if it could have been left to itself, as it is in the animals, and not trammelled up with conscience.

I suppose this is what makes the charm of Tess's nature, though the fine intellectual severity of Mrs. Maddern Fiske's treatment of the character renders it intellectually rather than sensuously perceptible in her impersonation. That impersonation seemed to me a very great one, a very high one, a very human one, in its best moments. It did not seem to me a perfect one; Mrs. Maddern Fiske is not the tragic muse, but she knows wonderfully well how the tragic muse feels, how sincere and noble she is, and she translates this feeling in terms that sometimes halt, but mostly do not halt. The feeling is pure and direct, as little mixed as possible with convention, and strives always to free itself from the adventitious and artificial. Her Tess does not rise above her origin and environment; she is bound to them, as we all are in our several cases, by ties that are ultimately insoluble, though they loose her for a while to the semblance of free will. In her life the inevitable rules; she is fated to fall, and she is fated to sink back into her ruin, and to end her guilt in murder; that is what this fine actress makes you believe, though she does it with no insistence upon a continuous destiny, and only by her almost invariable truth in the successive incidents and events. She does it so perfectly that even her betrayer seems under the same law of fate, and he plays his devil's part so clearly because he must, that you are obliged in honesty to keep your blame in your pocket since you do not really know where to bestow it.

You perceive that these sinners cannot be held primarily responsible for their sin, that the guilt of this must first be laid at the door of conditions. As long as there are men recklessly rich and women desperately poor, there must be such sin as theirs; it cannot be otherwise. The tempter is himself as much tempted by his power as the victim by her helplessness. The situation is the inevitable effect of the barbarism of our economy, which mars the will for good at every moment when life's need is confronted with its means. The question is merely arithmetical: how much can the seller bear, and how much will the buyer pay. The fact flouts our fine-spun theories of conduct with the actual infamy which we cannot ignore.

The sorrow and the shame of this strong fable, this pitiless homily, could not have been helped. But the immense sorrow and unfathomable shame are there all the same as if they could both have been helped; and the last scene between Tess and Alec is one of such spiritual squalor, that the lover going off to his drunken sleep and flinging his money on the floor, and Tess grovelling on her knees for the price of her soul and body remains an inextinguishable pang. Yet if one touch of the foulness and ferocity of the thing were abated it would be a lamentable loss of veracity. It is in such points as this that the drama rises to the heights of duty, and the redemption of the stage, so long twaddled and muddled over, effects itself.

II.

Art and truth are forever bound up in each other, and the energy with which the art of this play enforces the truth is its fascination. It does justice. At last the superstition that there can be one morality for the woman and another morality for the man, which has so long insulted the reason, perishes before your eyes in the scene where Tess and her husband confess their past to each other. There is nothing of explicit application in text or action, which appeals from the forgiven husband's injustice toward his unforgiven wife, but that injustice appears in all its monstrous impudence and hatefulness.

I thought it a proof of the marvellous skill of the actress that she should have been able almost inarticulately to possess the spectator of the fact which Tess does not utter. That was surely a beautiful piece of art, and it was as if inspired by a most delicate reverence for the soul of womanhood itself, which when it came to that, could not put its ruin into words. But no one could have mistaken the meaning of that agonized reticence; the whole house was then Tess with the actress.

Another most poignant effect is that of Tess's bewilderment after the homicide, when she comes out of Alec's room with the wild instinct of flight, and half puts on the mantle which she leaves dragging from one shoulder, while she stands by the glass trying mechanically to fit on a pair of gloves, and obviously does not know what she is doing.

It is a cruel scene, and it is easily the supreme moment of a play which rather abounds in high moments. I do not think the close is one of these. It seems to me inconclusive and ineffective. A sunrise at Stonehenge, with a woman who has killed her paramour hiding from the law in the arms of her husband and tasting a few last moments of joy in his retarded and meaningless forgiveness, is so much of the nature of anticlimax that the author of a play so finely logical ought to look to it. His work is elsewhere so firm and unswerving in its advance that he must not suffer himself any missteps or lost steps here. The logic of Tess's act is her legal punishment for the homicide, and the dreadfulness of this should suffer no abatement through a pseudo-reconciliation and a crazy happiness.

Up to that point the texture of the piece is so strong, it is such an infrangible chain of causes and consequences, that I cannot regard it as less than one of the great modern tragedies, and I should put it with Ibsen's Ghosts, with Mr. Herne's Margaret Flemming, with Mr. Pinero's Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, for the force and depth of its significance. Mr. Stoddard, whether he has got much or little from Mr. Hardy's novel, has made a play of the sort which will give him the right to be considered hereafter in making up any judgment of the modern drama. He has taken a long step; he has touched a height. It would be as foolish to pretend that he reaches or keeps his place without some faltering as to deny that he has attained it; but we are not so rich in dramatists that we can afford to cheapen a good one, when we get him, because he is not yet a perfect one.

I have very much the same feeling in regard to the fine actress who made Tess live before me. Her art wrought this miracle in spite of some obvious disadvantages; but Garrick was not ten feet high nor a monument of personal impressiveness. What you feel in Mrs. Maddern Fiske's work is the unerring keenness of her perception and the nervous force which makes the spectator share it. In the high moments you forget the little, slender, inadequate presence of the actress; that becomes the *absence*, and it is the great sorrow and misery of the character which fills the stage.

It seemed to me that Miss Annie Irish, who was the milkmaid Marian, was very strongly and truly she, in both her goodness and her badness, and at all times she fully met the demand for the sort of passion and pathos which the part made upon her. She was fine in it; and I am going to say, in spite of the blame of some critics whom I respect, that Mr. Charles Coghlan was an Alec who imparted the curious fascination of that character: blunt to savagery, cynical to diabolism, earthy to animality, and yet with the suggestion of a godless *bonhomie* which did not leave the liking untouched. Mr. Coghlan made Alec's hold upon Tess intelligible, and his fate of necessary sequence. He did not do this by any approach to the weak side of the spectator; he attacked him rather through his very antipathy, and I think he achieved a triumph which no one but a thorough artist could have won.

W. D. Howells.

ON A MODERN CATTLE-SHIP TO LONDON'S GREAT CATTLE-MARKET.

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

It was a distinguished bishop who told us that if we desired a smooth, health-giving, nerve-soothing, and body-resting voyage to take passage on one of the big cattle-ships. Accompanied by three doctors of divinity, he had tried it, and had returned a new man.

"But the cattle and the odors?"

"You will know nothing of them, unless you seek them out."

So one bright morning we found ourselves at the pier on North River. The flag-ship of the fleet of the most modern cattle-carrying ships in the world—a monster of eight thousand tons, with twin screws, and a general hugeness that encouraged confidence—had been receiving her cargo for several days. As soon as the cattle arrived, by rail from the various points in the West, they were inspected, and transferred to large barges generously shedded, and thence to the ship. With wonderful ease and expedition the animals were gotten on board, and long before the majority of the passengers reached the pier the tributes from the prairies of the New World to the needs of the world's greatest city were comfortably fixed in their stalls, happy in their escape from the crowded and oscillating cars, and contentedly devouring their first food on shipboard.

The state-rooms on these big boats are amidship, and have ample accommodations for sixty passengers. Evidently the bishop's advice had reached other folks, for all the rooms had been engaged more than a month ahead. From the start the experience was delightful. It was almost impossible to believe, as far as the motion of the vessel was concerned, that we were on the ocean. For instance, the rims on the tables to catch overflowing coffee or to stop the antics of fruits and foods were missing. There was no need for them. The explanation of the remarkable steadiness was in the fact that the ship had bilge-keels—two extra keels, like fins, running along the sides, and preventing that rolling which is the despair of weak stomachs. This improvement represents the latest development in steady transportation for animals; and if the eight hundred quadrupeds we had on board appreciated it as much as the sixty bipeds who gloried in the smoothness and the comfort of it all, they lived eleven of the happiest days of their lives. Other ships, still larger than this, are now building.

The trip to London takes eleven days, and on the fifth day out I accepted the captain's invitation to accompany him on his morning inspection; "although, for that matter," he added, "you may visit any part of the ship at any time you choose." Directly after breakfast we began the journey. There were nearly 600 cattle and 200 horses distributed on the three decks, and up and down the aisles between their protruding heads we walked. It was a bit doubtful at first, but the captain seemed to be on friendly terms with his cargo, and there was not the slightest danger. "How are you, old boy?" was his greeting, as he felt the ears of the animals to see if any of them had fever. When the captain was asked why he used the masculine exclusively, he explained that the cattle taken to England's markets are bullocks; and it became clear why the officers at the table had smiled when the ladies gravely discussed the advantage of going over on a cattle-ship, because there was always a certainty of fresh milk.

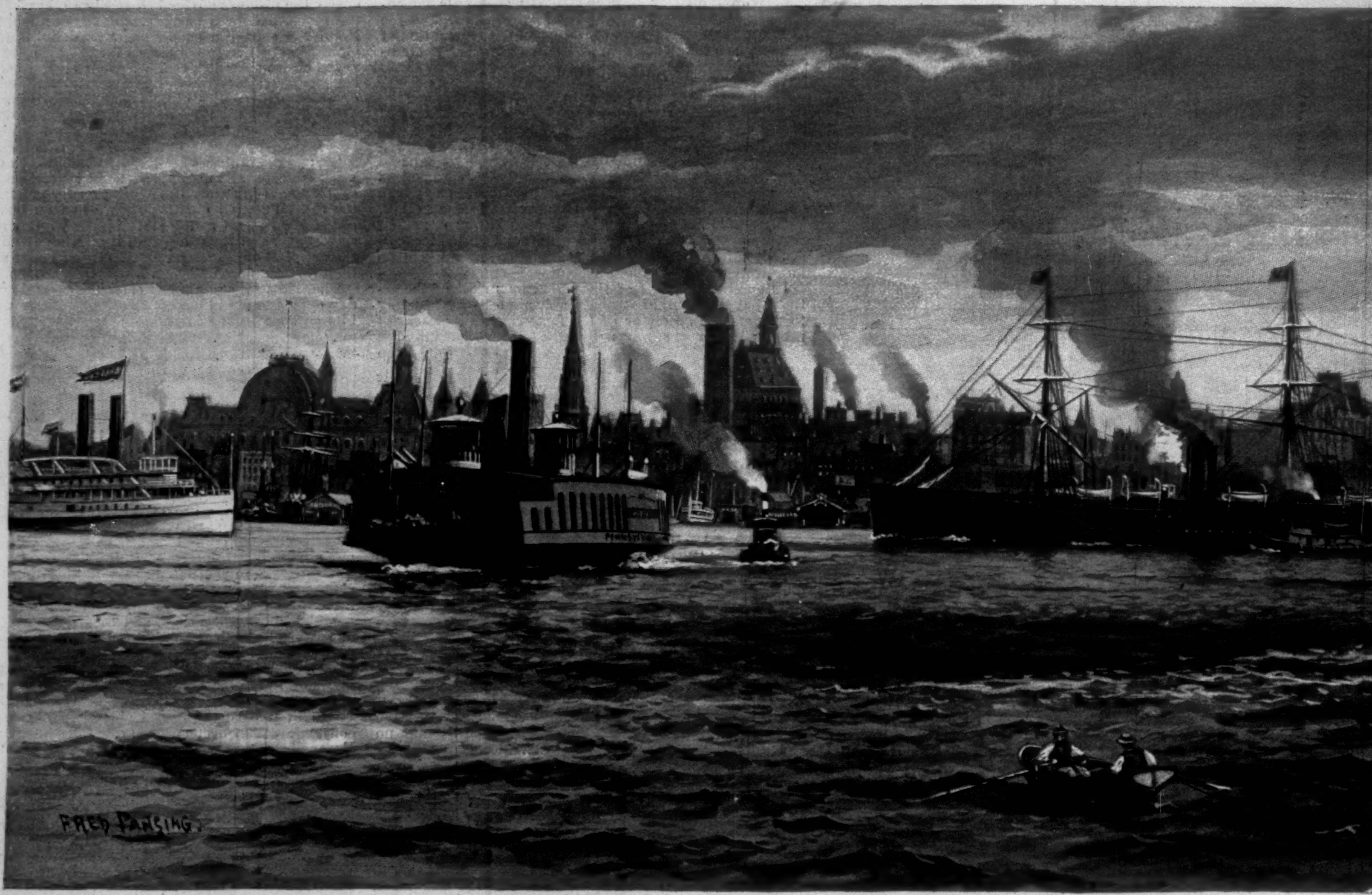
The decks are ventilated so thoroughly that the odor is almost all removed. We visited the lowest deck, where there were two droves of splendid black cattle which would bring fancy prices, and they seemed comfortable and happy. With the exception of very rough weather, the cattle gain in flesh on their voyage across. They have constant attention, regular food, and plenty of fresh water and pure air, and they enjoy it. Since animal industry became a bureau of the government the supervision of the cattle shipped abroad has been strict and constant. It has been necessary, because every country in Europe has thrown obstacle after obstacle in the way of importations from the United States, and this country's trade has only been secured by the hardest kind of work and the closest watchfulness. The outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia some years ago was a great misfortune, and Europeans looked upon all American cattle as dangerous. But the government went to work, at a cost of over a million dollars stamped out the disease, and in 1891 established the official inspection of meat. The results have been excellent, and the restrictions have been made as perfect as possible.

For instance, the cattle on our ship had been under the government's eye from the time they started from their Western homes. Each animal bore a metal tag giving the official number, the trade-mark, and other necessary information. The bullocks arrived at Kansas City, where they were inspected and tagged. They were then loaded into cars that had been cleaned and disinfected to the satisfaction of the inspectors. At New York they were inspected again, and were not allowed to come in contact with cattle not intended for export. They were unloaded from the cars under official inspection, they were transported to the steamship under official direction in tenders or barges that had been cleansed and disinfected, and finally the ship had to be in a condition of cleanliness to receive the official endorsement.

Now we were among the cattle on shipboard, and it was interesting to see the systematic manner in which they were arranged and managed. Each bullock had over six feet of vertical space, and a space of two feet eight inches in width and eight feet in length. Some had much more. The ship was allowed to carry three deck-loads of cattle, and all three of the *Manitoba's* decks were occupied, although her capacity was not filled. There is a government regulation for all the arrangements—for the head-boards and braces and beams and planking, and a dozen and one details of construction. The cattle-export business is less than twenty years old, and all these things show what advances have been made. The value of the trade to us now is from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year. The exports during the past year were about 390,000 cattle—an increase of over 100,000 over 1895. American farms supply annually to foreign consumers $500,000,000 worth of products.

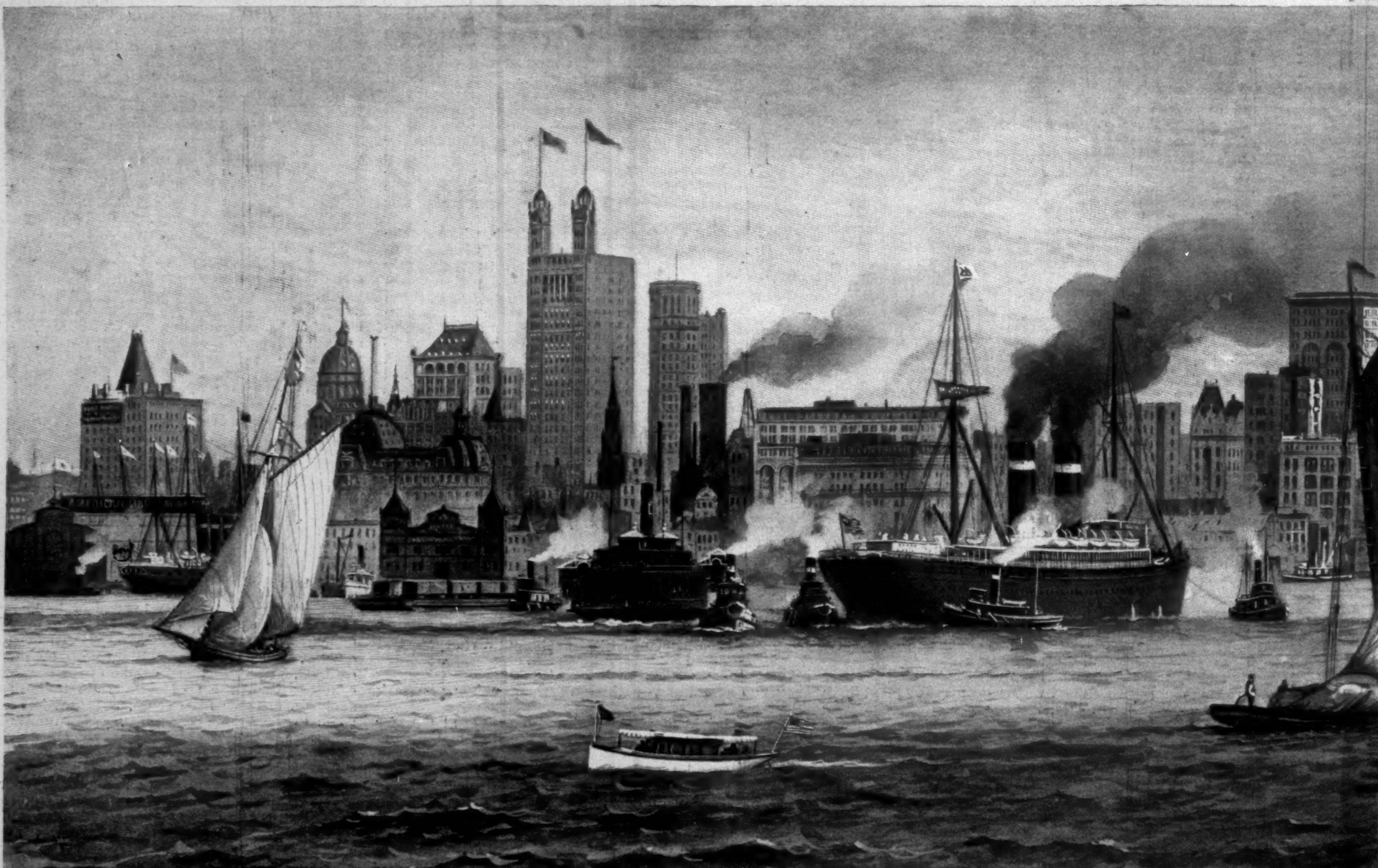
There is before me a statement made out by Chief-Engineer McDonald, of the *Massachusetts*, a sister ship, on which we returned, and the first of the large boats of the line to be built. He compiled it by request from his records of the voyages. It shows that in 21 voyages nearly 15,000 cattle were carried from New York to London, and the total losses were only 23. In 13 of the voyages there were no losses at all. Out of our 600 on the *Manitoba* we lost none.

A year or more ago several persons raised a cry in England that the loading of cattle carried to London and their treatment on the way were attended by the keenest cruelty. The charge was backed up by photographic exhibits. It seems that in some of the South American countries there are no landings, and the ships have to anchor a distance from shore. The cattle are made to swim to the ships, and are then hoisted aboard by their necks. The photographs of fractious cases undoubtedly looked cruel, and they were labelled with the significant comment, "Photographs don't lie." But a wag photographed a man and a camel in such a manner that the camel seemed to be standing on the prostrate form of the man, and then he gave another view, showing that it was all a trick of angle and perspective. "Photographs can lie," was the inscription. But whatever may be the facts about the loading of cattle in South America and their transportation to London, there is certainly no cruelty on the modern cattle-ships that sail from the United States to London and Liverpool. Not only is this shown by the statistics I have quoted and the evidence we saw, but it is very pointedly emphasized by the fact that at least two of the steamship lines that do the largest trade in cattle transportation between New York and England guarantee the life of every animal they carry for an insurance rate



Post-Office. St. Paul's Chapel. Western Union Building.

THE SKY-LINE OF BUILDINGS BELOW CHAMBERS S

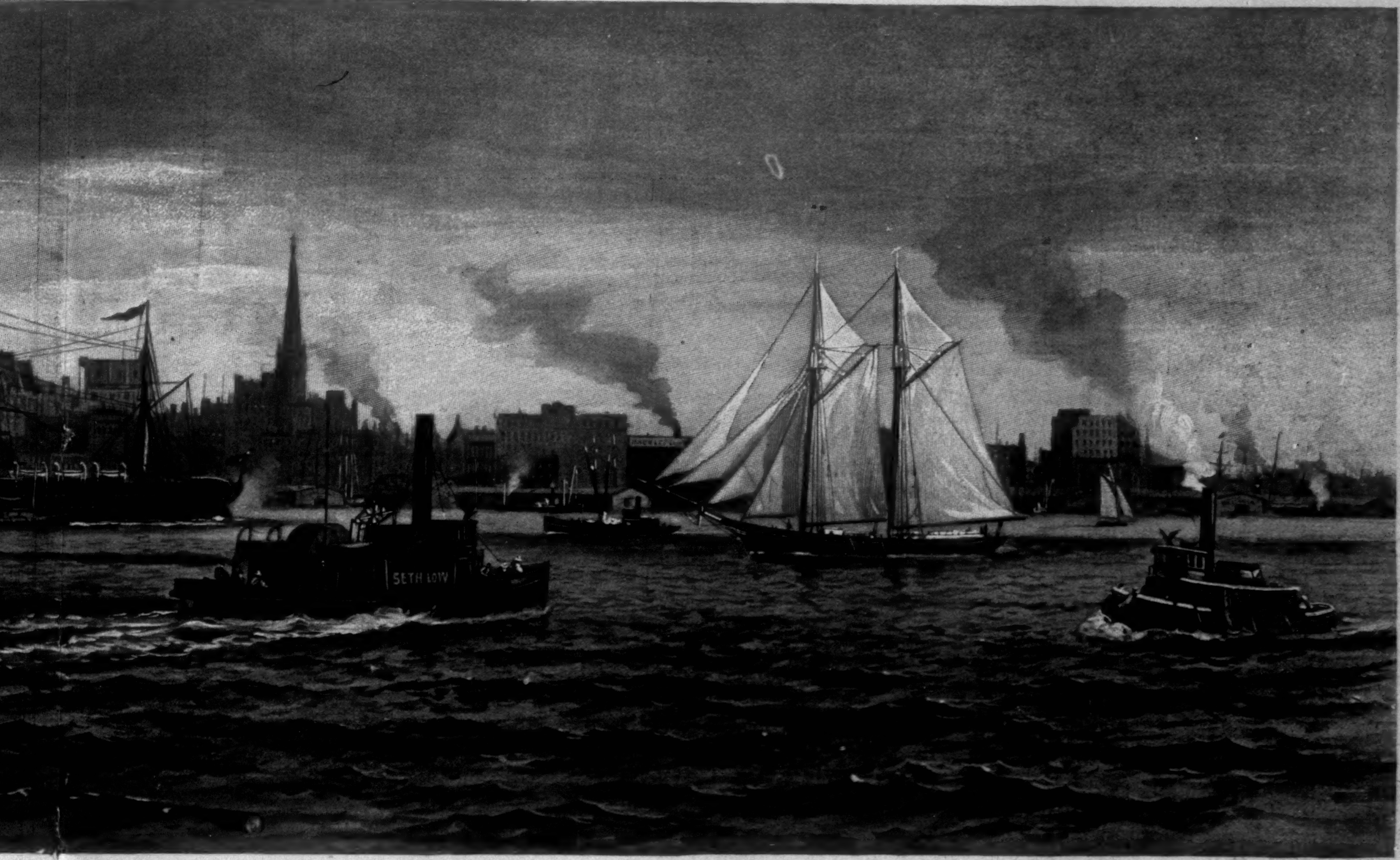


Home Life Building. New York *World*. New York *Times*. Am. Tract Society. Park Row Building. St. Paul Building. Havemeyer Building. Casualty and Fidelity Building. Bank of Commerce.

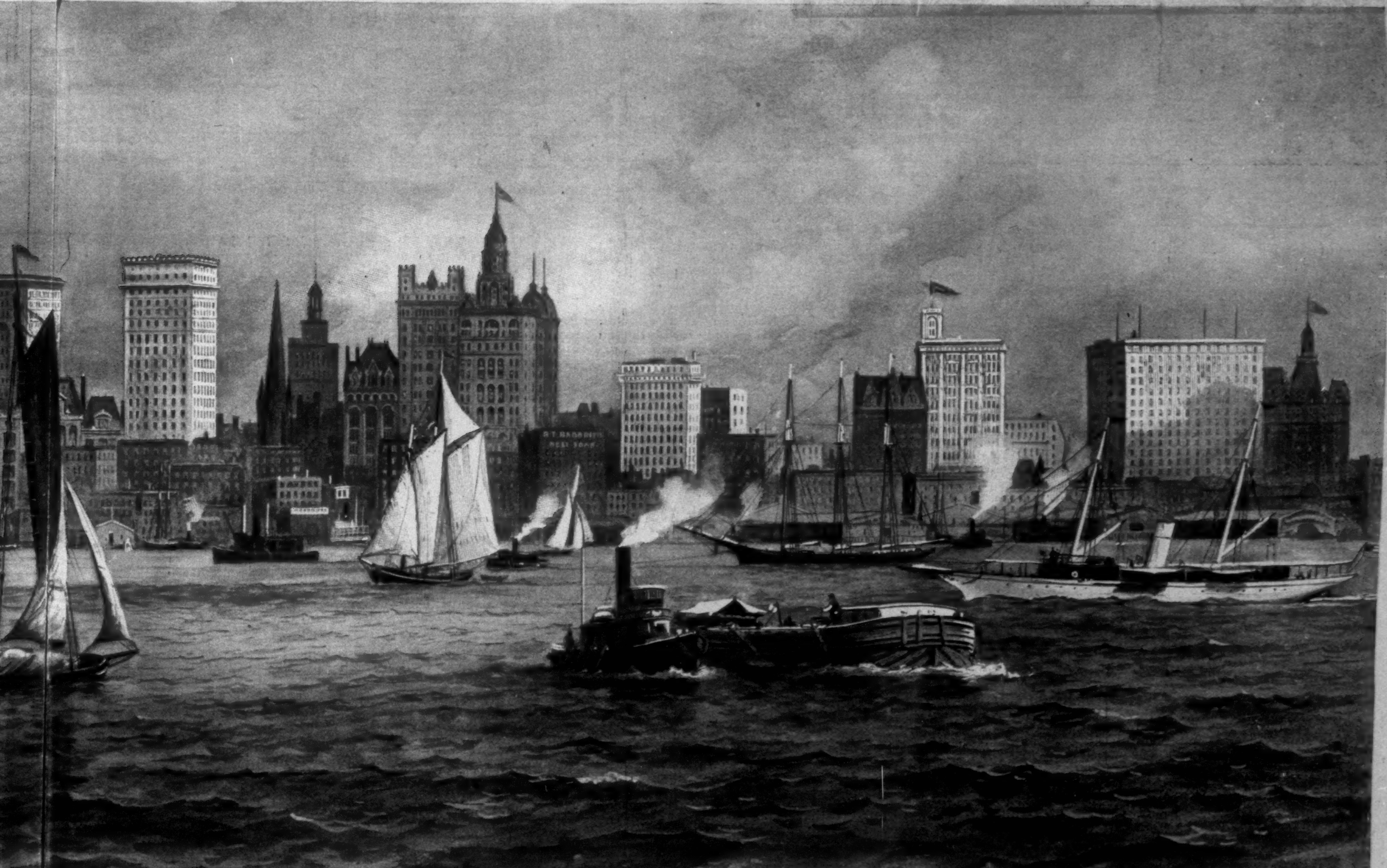
Postal Telegraph Building. Post-Office. Potter Building. St. Paul's Chapel. New Jersey Central Building.

THE SKY-LINE OF BUILDINGS BELOW CHAMBERS ST

NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPERS—THE EFFECTIVE CHANGE WROUGHT BY THESE BUILDINGS C


Trinity Church.
SETH LOW

ERS STREET IN 1881, AS SEEN FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.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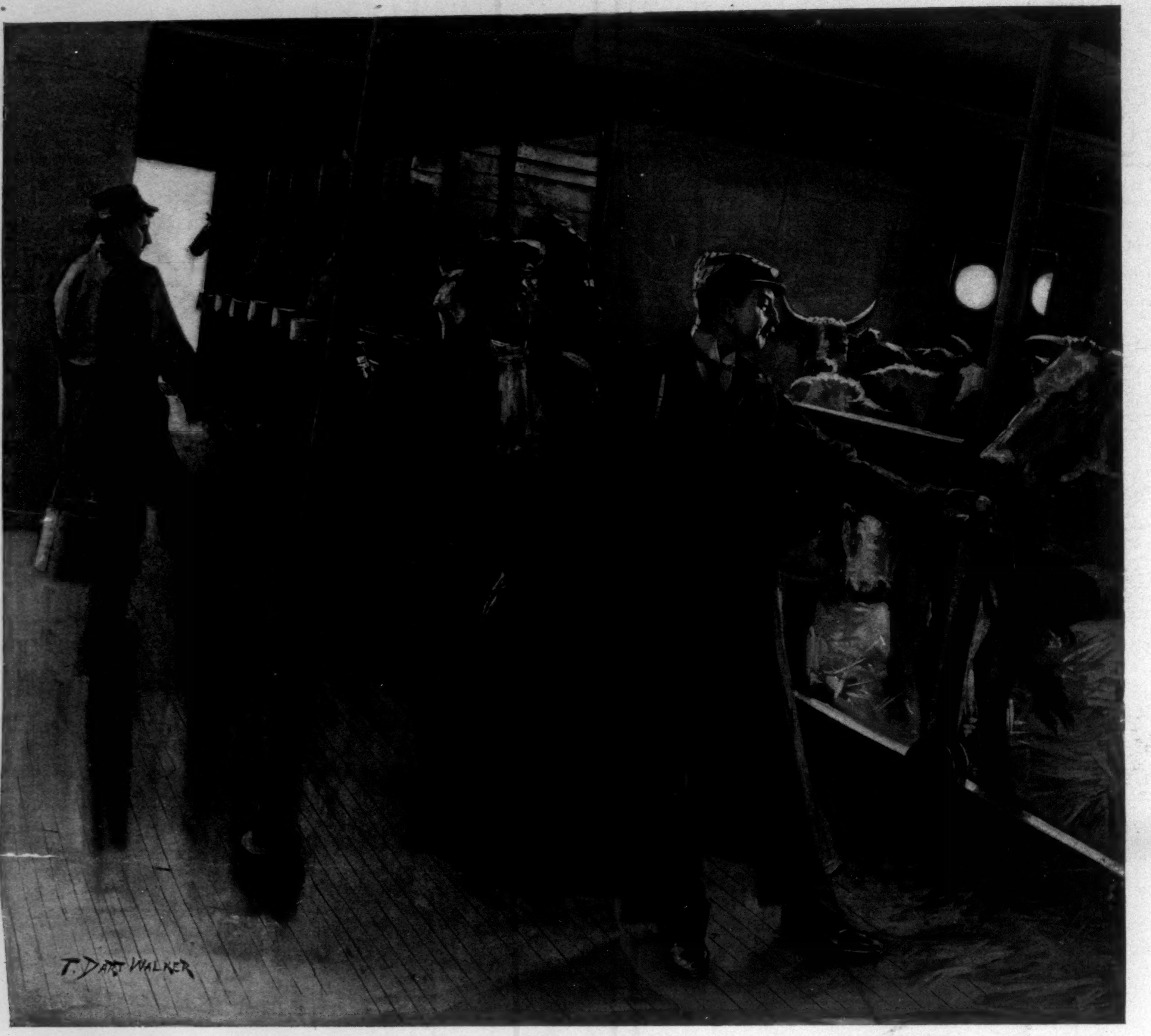
mmerce.
Surety Building.
Trinity Church.
Union Trust.
Crocker Building.
Cable Building.
Johnston Building.
Standard Building.
Bowling Green Building.
Washington Building.
Gillander Building.
Manhattan Life.

S STREET IN 1897, AS SEEN FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.

GS ON THE CITY'S APPEARANCE WITHIN A FEW YEARS.—Drawn by Fred Pansing.—[See Page 295.]



ON BOARD A MODERN CATTLE-SHIP—A MORNING VISIT AMONG THE STOCK.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

of five-eighths of one per cent., which is very little more than the death-rate of cattle in the field.

We had in our party several ladies and three children. All of these made the full rounds of the cattle-decks, from the lowest to the highest, and enjoyed it greatly, and this is possibly the best illustration of the condition of the decks and of the atmosphere that could be offered. A rather unexpected consequence of this visit was the infatuation of the children, who let not another day of the voyage go by without torturing their parents into taking them down to see the "moo-cows." They made great friends with many of the animals, and were never happier than when allowed by the attendants to give them handfuls of hay.

These attendants became a source of interest to all who talked with them. There was one man to every twenty cattle, and they were under a boss, each shipper having his representative. They were a curious and interesting medley of humanity, varying from the big burly six-foot English cockney, a wreck of better days, who called you "Me Lud" on the slightest provocation that promised a drink, to the little boy with wild blue eyes whose pockets had been rifled in the general sleeping-quarters, and who slept every night near his cattle, on the bales of hay with which he fed them. These blue eyes with their depths of sadness attracted us, and when we sat down and talked with him they seemed to leap in joy at the companionship. And when, the next day, the children got him to show them how to feed the cattle, he was really happy. I asked him why he followed such a life, and he replied that it was because he could never find anything to do on land, although hungering for it. He was a waif of the ocean, hiding from the rough men among whom he lived, and knowing little except the cattle and the lower deck. There was a fine-looking countryman from Canada, who was taking over a drove of horses, which were to be used in the cab service of London and Paris, and he was especially rich in all information touching the transportation of animals. He said there was much more danger to the horses than to the cattle in an ocean voyage, and this was illustrated in our trip; for of the 600 cattle none was lost, and of the 200 horses two died.

Among the attendants were young men of manly forms but of seared and dissolute faces. A look over the list which the chief steward had showed that they were of a dozen nationalities. Texas and Maine, New York and Chicago, London and Constantinople, were all represented. In nine cases out of ten the men are "down in their luck," as they call it. Often they have gone from comfortable homes in Europe to pick up gold in the streets of New York or to become millionaires in the West, and this is the way they get back. Or they have taken to the ocean to escape the temptations ashore. But there are exceptions, and the chief steward told of one case—a Russian, who had accumulated quite a small fortune in the United States, and crossed as a cattle-man to save his passage-money. At that time the steward held for the men numerous sums of money and articles, such as jewelry and watches, which they would not trust among their associates. These men of course are entirely apart from the ship's crew. The company's agreement includes merely their passages forth and back and their food. The owners of the cattle pay their wages, and also for the food of the cattle. Frequently only a small fraction of the men return to the United States. They seek their various homes in Europe. "I would like to go back," said a young German, "but I don't know. When I first went to the United States I went as a cabin passenger, but I had to get home second class. I went again, hoping for better things, and returned in the steerage. And now it's this. I'd like to go back, for I like the freedom of the country—but I don't know."

While the animals took up the main spaces of the ship, the passengers seldom heard them. Occasionally there was a sound as of lowing kine, but they were moving over the sea and not over the lea, and for the most part they were so contented in their new quarters that they made no disturbance. By amiable agreement, which the bullocks seem to reach easily, some of them could lie down, and in this manner they became rested from too constant standing. They take turns at this, and if the lazy ones presume upon the arrangement the horns of the others very soon cause them to get up and to make way for justice. Indeed, the intelligence of the cattle becomes very pronounced in the voyage over the ocean, and it is interesting to watch their ways. They grew tamer, too, and welcomed the petting which the visitors from the upper decks freely bestowed upon them. They soon came to know their special friends, and fully enjoyed their offerings. It went on very happily and very smoothly for nine days, and our restful and fattening ocean experience was drawing to a close. One morning we awoke to hear the lowing of the cattle more general and more pronounced. There was a welcome something in the air, an indescribable intimation of green fields and running brooks, and the cattle had been the first to know it, although they had no charts, as we had, to tell them that we were approaching the Scilly Islands, and that the land would be seen during the day.

The president of the line on which we were travelling has crossed the ocean a great many times, and when he goes on his own ships he makes a study of the cattle. He says that the way the animals get to know that they are approaching land long before the passengers feel it is interesting and remarkable. His observations show that one beast, more alert or more sensitive than the others, makes the discovery, and at once communicates it to his companion, and thus with a different kind of noise and a new physical movement the knowledge spreads from one to the other, until every animal feels and knows it. It is all so swift, so distinct, so obvious, so intelligible, as to make one think that the beasts have a language of their own.

The next day broke gloriously, and we had the full view of the Channel, with all the inexpressible beauty of the tints of green in its waters and the far-away sight of lands and houses and growing things, and after a while the chalk cliffs. Early the next morning we turned from the clear waters into a grayish flow, and after a while we were between low shores, on which cattle were grazing and along which were all sorts of craft. The stream became crowded, and as we proceeded we had the Thames gradually unfolding—a scene of incessant movement, but dull in color.

By noon we reached Tilbury, where the people were taken ashore and whirled by special trains to Fenchurch Street Station, London. But the voyage of the ship was by no means over. There was another day's work in reaching the docks and in the discharge of the cargo. Finally our ship found her way to a pier, around which the tide flowed savagely, and leading from which were long alleys and high fences. When the vessel was made fast, officials stood along these gangways, one every few yards, and the general medical inspector representing her Majesty's government, and Dr. Wray, representing the United States, took positions of vantage to watch the unloading of the arrivals from the other hemisphere. As soon as the way was clear and the bars were down, one fine bullock led the procession, rather timidly at first, but gathering confidence with the sight of land, and then the 600 others could not follow rapidly enough. They hastened on with absolute delight, fatter than when they left New York, but glad to escape from the imprisonment, and blissfully unconscious of the English law which compelled their slaughter within a few hours. All the time the officials were busily watching every animal as it passed. If there was a sign of lameness, if it lagged in the race, if look or action or general condition gave the slightest suspicion, the beast was separated from the others, and if the inspector said so, was immediately slaughtered. Of our 600 only one was ordered slain, and, as usual, was found to be healthy and sound in every respect. There is a separate room for the slaughter of suspected cattle. In a case of this kind the carcass is turned over to the owner.

This foreign cattle-market is by no means a romantic-looking place, although its soil is thick with history; and just below, in clear sight, is the observatory of Greenwich, which in our early histories and our school-day recollections was the centre of our little world. Almost on the spot where the cattle were landed was the royal dockyard in the time of Henry VIII., where Peter the Great of Russia learned his trade as a ship-carpenter, and where Captain Francis Drake, after his voyage around the world, was knighted. From this place, in 1871, after the capitulation, 3,000,000 pounds of food were despatched to Paris, and a church many centuries old stands as a part of this, the greatest foreign cattle-market in the world. This section is Deptford, meaning a deep ford, one of the numerous divisions of London, with a population of thirty or forty thousand, and with little of that cleanliness which we find elsewhere in the city. Its main object of interest is the cattle-market, to enlarge which the government, a few years ago, spent over $2,000,000. There are enormous sheds on most of the thirty-two acres, with accommodations for 5000 cattle and 30,000 sheep, and every hour more than a hundred animals are killed. It is the meeting-place of the cattle of the world, brought hither to keep John Bull rotund and ruddy. Within a half-hour the 600 arrivals from America had been unloaded and driven to their pens.

The scenes in these immense sheds are always interesting, but there is too much blood to make them pleasant. It was not very appetizing to behold boys not yet turned the voting age cutting the throats of sheep as gayly as if playing a holiday game, or to watch the young giants drive the slender bit of iron with unvarying accuracy into the vital spot of the bullock's brow. They did not finish up the carcass with anything like the expedition that attends the performance in Chicago, for they have yet to learn those modern methods which are already old in the food capital of the United States.

With Dr. Wray and the officer of the market we made a general inspection of the place, visiting all its departments, and talking with the men. In the enormous shed, in which were congregated sheep from all parts of the world, drivers were busy selecting them into lots, and buyers were picking out their purchases, and haggling as usual over the prices. There was not enough difference in the sheep from the various countries to make the distinctions interesting to the average person, but this was not the case with the cattle. We were told that we could easily select the cattle from the United States by picking out those that had the best appearance. A test showed how true this was. The cattle from South America were enormous but lean, and when one of them gets loose there is a universal climbing of fences to escape the consequences. Those from Canada are rough, and generally poor, while the bullocks from the United States excel in every way, and bring a higher price than any others imported into England. The man who sells the largest number of cattle in London to-day is a young man from Virginia, and he gives an apt illustration of what class distinctions mean in the lower walks of English life. He engaged as driver the best young man in the market. In addition to a good salary, he offered that if the young man would learn to make sales he would promote him and pay him more wages. The young driver was overwhelmed with gratitude, but he returned the next morning to say that he could not do the work, because his people had always been drivers, and it would not do for him to try to become a seller.

The United States maintains inspectors in Great Britain at Liverpool and at London. Before they began their work the English authorities were arbitrary about the admission of American cattle. For instance, one year the British veterinarians reported that fifty-four animals found among American exports were affected with contagious pleuro-pneumonia. The United States inspectors, by means of the tags, traced back the history of each animal, showed that it came from places and through places where no contagious disease existed, and by examinations of the lungs proved that in each case the British experts were incorrect. At a critical moment in the industry the English veterinarian inspector in London declared that certain animals had pleuro-pneumonia. At that particular time the truth of these charges practically meant the suspension of cattle shipments from the United States. Dr. Wray took the affected organs, hurried to Paris, and engaged the world's greatest expert to make the examination. The result was a verdict in favor of this country. The importation of American cattle into England has been in the face of constant opposition, in spite of the fact that these cattle are the healthiest and best in the world. The law which compels the slaughter of the cattle within a few hours after reaching port is one of those discriminations which are difficult to understand. Even on John Bull's little island, with its crowded population, there are thousands of acres of unused pasture, which might give excellent returns to the poor farmers if they were allowed to import cheap cattle from America and to fatten them for the market. The shipment of beef by cold storage is successfully done, and we had in our ship several thousand quarters of it, but there is always a percentage of loss in this, and the prices are much below those of meat on the hoof.

Around the market were big men smoking bold pipes, and giving a good patronage to the large saloon which is one of the features of the place, and which evidently returns a princely revenue. From the market to the underground station is a walk of a half-mile, and the fussy little train rattled in the close atmosphere through the tunnel that runs under the Thames, and finally to our station in the centre of the city.

Several weeks later we returned in a sister ship, and the only animals on board were a pet lamb, two cats, and a dog. We had not gone far on our voyage when the captain had his men steadily at work cleaning and polishing every deck, giving the wood-work new coats of paint, and preparing the ship for another cargo.

THE SKY-LINE OF NEW YORK,
1881–1897.

Scarcely any other great city in the world has such a foreground, or rather such a forewater, as is furnished to New York by the Upper Bay and the North River. Even more the river than the bay, for the city presents itself "bows on" to the voyager who approaches it from the Narrows, and shows in the southern view a confused mass of erections of various form and formlessness. Even this sight is almost as impressive as it is confusing. But it is only when Governor's Island and the Battery are cleared that the component parts of this first view in the approach from the sea become detached, and that the panorama begins to unroll itself. For a mile and more it reveals a chain of peaks rising above the horizon, itself a five or six story horizon, and struggling or shooting towards the sky. For another mile, for two miles more, the peaks continue to emerge, but they no longer form a chain.

Fortunately every visitor from Europe and every visitor from the West must get his first sight of New York from the most impressive point of view, and no visitor of any sensibility from either quarter can fail to be immensely impressed. The inland American who regards the prosperity of the chief port of the country as an index of the national prosperity will exult in these huge evidences of that prosperity, and, surveying the long succession of towers, will hail the American metropolis as Mr. Kipling's colonist hails the British metropolis, as

The Bank of the Open Credit,
The Power-House of the Line.

Many such inland visitors there are. There is another kind of inland visitor, of which we had a conspicuous example last summer, who instead of regarding the prosperity of the port as an index of the prosperity of the country behind it, looks upon its prosperity as having been acquired somehow at the expense of the interior, and seems to himself to be invading "the enemy's country." Even so, he has to own that "the enemy" seems to be fairly well fortified and not too easily pregnable. As for the European, whose prepossessions are those of a hemispherical provincialism, he is the more astonished the more cities of men and manners he has seen. Whether or not his first impression of New York is agreeable, it is tremendously forcible. It is vividly present to him at the first view that Europe is three thousand miles away. As his steamer picks her way through the traffic which crowds the river, past the huge utilitarian structures that dwarf into obscurity the spires of churches and the low domes of public monuments, it seems to him that he has never before seen a water-front that so impressively and exclusively "looked like business."

This was true even twenty years ago. It is indeed more than that since Professor Huxley visited these shores, and saw a water-front much less exclusively commercial than that which is exhibited in the earlier of our illustrations. And yet it was so exclusively commercial even then as to surprise him. He remarked that whereas in any European city the most conspicuous object would have been a cathedral or a castle or a public building, in America a newspaper office and a telegraph office dominated the view. These were, of course, our old friends the *Tribune* building and the Western Union. Even in 1881 they were still conspicuous, although the *Tribune* building is obscured in the illustration, except the sharp spike of what was once known as its "tall tower," by the lower bulk of the post-office. Now it is hard to pick either building out in the general view.

They were in fact the pioneers of "elevator building," these two, and were concurrently in erection almost exactly a quarter of a century ago. If the elevator had remained the only new factor in commercial architecture, the limit of altitude would have remained where it was set in these buildings, at seven or eight stories. Above that limit it was found, or at any rate it was held, that so much of the area of the building would be occupied by the increased thickness of the walls necessary for stability, that there was no prospect of profit in a further vertical extension. It was at this point that the new factor came in, the steel construction, which is even now only eight or nine years old, and which was first applied in Chicago. In this construction the wall disappears altogether. The structural skeleton is a steel cage, and the apparent wall of stone or baked clay is a mere veneer, an envelope, of which the practical function is to protect the real structure from fire and from oxidation, for though proof against combustion by fire, the steel cage is not proof against dangerous and even destructive deformation.

The practical limit of altitude at once rose to ten stories, to twelve, and so on. Before the steel frame was introduced a Western architect had projected, on paper, a twenty-story building. After it had been introduced, a Chicago architect projected a building occupying a square, and attaining, by successive stages of recession in terraces, an ultimate altitude at the centre of thirty-five stories. The former project was "purely academic," but the latter was highly practical, and came very near execution before the law intervened to bound the Chicago imagination, commercial and architectural, at 120 feet. In New York the limit has not yet been fixed by law, and it does not yet appear at what point it will be fixed by commercial considerations. When the sixteen stories of the Manhattan Life were projected, that was "the tallest building east of Chicago." Presently the American Surety raised its square bulk twenty stories from the sidewalk, and not long after was matched by the building of the Tract Society. Then came the polyhedron of the St. Paul to the ultimate height of twenty-five stories, and in due time that horned monster, the Park Row Building, will surpass it five stories more.

It is quite idle to argue with projectors who think there is profit in urging the competition still further towards the empyrean. Nothing but a statute will stop them. The sky-scraper is so manifestly "unneighborly" an object that it is equally futile to plead with the architects for *ensemble*, such as might be attained by concert if the limit of altitude were once definitely fixed. Even if a designer were to take successful pains to make his building enhance the effect of the others, and to contribute to a common impression, his labors to that end would be nullified by the next designer who did not choose to take that trouble. But an artistic-minded designer really ought to consider the view from or across either river enough to give his far-seen silhouette as much as he can of spirit and of picturesqueness. Some of the architects have done this, notably the architects of the Union Trust and the Fidelity and Casualty, though these two are no longer very conspicuous. Of the later and more towering, the triangular crown of the St. Paul is so skilfully compiled in scale as to be effective far away, intractable as the architect has found the structure which it surmounts. The architect of the Tract Society deserves our thanks for the picturesque loggia with which he has crowned his edifice, and the architect of the American Surety will deserve them if he can induce his owners to let him put a light and possibly spreading loggia and a steep roof over that uncompromising parallelopiped. While the architectural excellence of the sky-line, however, must be sought in the parts, and not in the unattainable whole, it is in the aggregation that the immense impressiveness lies. It is not an architectural vision, but it does, most tremendously, "look like business."

Montgomery Schuyler.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

Author of "A House-Boat on the Styx," etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell.

VII.—THE "GEHENNA" IS CHARTERED.

It was about twenty-four hours after the events narrated in the preceding chapters that Mr. Sherlock Holmes assumed command of the *Gehenna*, which was nothing more nor less than the shadow of the ill-starred ocean steamship *City of Chicago*, which tried some years ago to reach Liverpool by taking the overland route through Ireland, fortunately without detriment to her passengers or crew, who had the pleasure of the experience of shipwreck without any of the discomforts of drowning. As will be remembered, the obstructionist nature of the Irish soil prevented the *City of Chicago* from proceeding further inland than was necessary to keep her well balanced amidship upon a convenient and not too stony bed; and that after a brief sojourn on the rocks she was finally disposed of to the Styx Navigation Company, under which title Charon had had himself incorporated, is a matter of nautical history. The change of name to the *Gehenna* was the act of Charon himself, and was prompted, no doubt, by a desire to soften the jealous prejudices of the residents of the Stygian capital against the flourishing and ever-growing metropolis of Illinois.

The Associated Shades had had some trouble in getting this craft. Charon, through his constant association with life on both sides of the dark river, had gained a knowledge more or less intimate with modern business methods, and while as janitor of the club he was subject to the will of the House-boat Committee, and sympathized deeply with the members of the association in their trouble as president of the Styx Navigation Company he was bound up in certain newly attained commercial ideals which were embarrassing to those members of the association to whose hands the chartering of a vessel had been committed.

"Look here, Charon," Sir Walter Raleigh had said, after Charon had expressed himself as deeply sympathetic, but unable to shave the terms upon which the vessel could be had, "you are an infernal old hypocrite. You go about wringing your hands over our misfortunes until they've got as dry and flabby as a pair of kid gloves, and yet when we ask you for a ship of suitable size and speed to go out after those pirates, you become a sort of twin brother to Shylock, without his excuse. His instincts are accidents of birth. Yours are cultivated, and you know it."

"You are very much mistaken, Sir Walter," Charon had answered to this. "You don't understand my position. It is a very hard one. As janitor of your club I am really prostrated over the events of the past twenty-four hours. My occupation is gone, and my despair over your loss is correspondingly greater, for I have time on my hands to brood over it. I was hysterical as a woman yesterday afternoon—so hysterical that I came near upsetting one of the Furies who engaged me to row her down to Madame Medusa's villa last evening; and right at the sluice of the vitriol reservoir at that."

"Then why the deuce don't you do something to help us?" pleaded Hamlet.

"How can I do any more than I have done? I've offered you the *Gehenna*," retorted Charon.

"But on what terms?" expostulated Raleigh. "If we had all the wealth of the Indies we'd have difficulty in paying you the sums you demand."

"But I am only president of the company," explained Charon. "I'd like, as president, to show you some courtesy, and I'm perfectly willing to do so; but when it comes down to giving you a vessel like that, I'm bound by my official oath to consider the interest of the stockholders. It isn't as it used to be when I had boats to hire in my own behalf alone. In those days I had nobody's interest but my own to look after. Now the ships all belong to the Styx Navigation Company. Can't you see the difference?"

"You own all the stock, don't you?" insisted Raleigh.

"I don't know," Charon answered, blandly. "I haven't seen the transfer-books lately."

"But you know that you did own every share of it, and that you haven't sold any, don't you?" put in Hamlet.

Charon was puzzled for a moment, but shortly his face cleared, and Sir Walter's heart sank, for it was evident that the old fellow could not be cornered.

"Well, it's this way, Sir Walter, and your Highness, I—I can't say whether any of that stock has been transferred or not. The fact is, I've been speculating a little on margin, and I've put up that stock as security, and, for all I know, I may have been sold out by my brokers. I've been so upset by this unfortunate occurrence that I haven't seen the market reports for two days. Really you'll have to be content with my offer or go without the *Gehenna*. There's too much suspicion attached to high corporate officials lately for me to yield a jot in the position I have taken. It would never do to get you all ready to start, and then have an injunction clapped on you by

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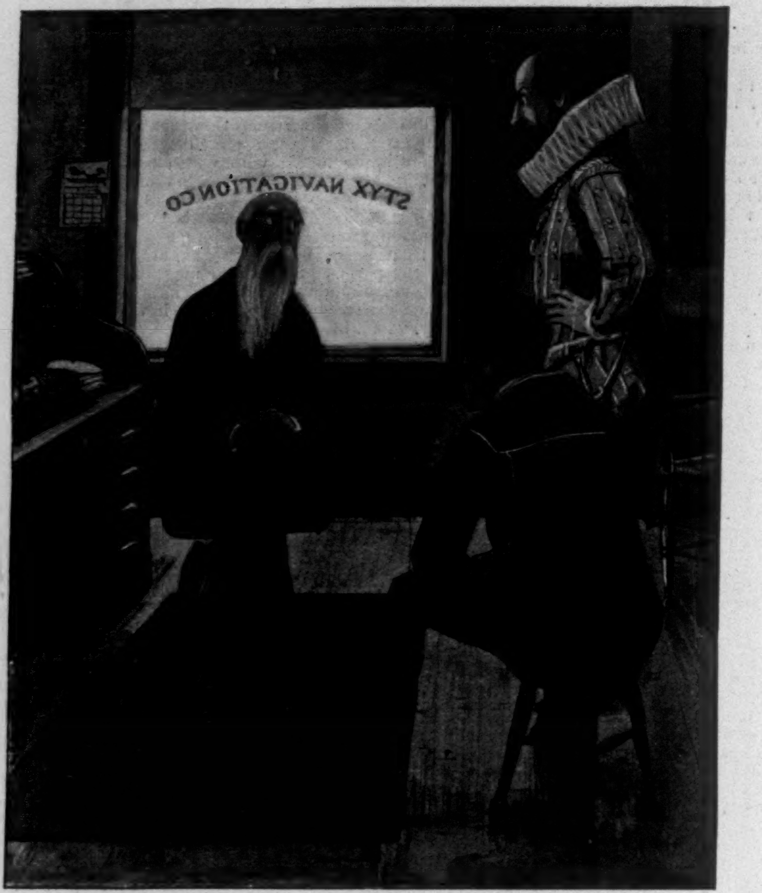
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2094.


STYX NAVIGATION CO.

"'YOU ARE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN, SIR WALTER,' CHARON HAD ANSWERED TO THIS."

some unforeseen stockholder who was not satisfied with the terms offered you; nor can I ever let it be said of me that to retain my position as janitor of your organization I sacrificed a trust committed to my charge. I'll gladly lend you my private launch, though I don't think it will aid you much, because the naphtha-tank has exploded, and the screw slipped off and went to the bottom two weeks ago. Still it is at your service, and I've no doubt that either Phidias or Benvenuto Cellini will carve out a paddle for you if you ask him to."

"Bah!" retorted Raleigh. "You might as well offer us a pair of skates."

"I would, if I thought the river'd freeze," retorted Charon, blandly.

Raleigh and Hamlet turned away impatiently and left Charon to his own devices, which for the time being consisted largely of winking his other eye quietly and outwardly making a great show of grief.

"He's too canny for us, I am afraid," said Sir Walter. "We'll have to pay him his money."

"Let us first consult Sherlock Holmes," suggested Hamlet, and this they proceeded at once to do.

"There is but one thing to be done," observed the astute detective after he had heard Sir Walter's statement of the case. "It is an old saying that one should fight fire with fire. We must meet modern business methods with modern commercial ideas. Charter his vessel at his own price."

"But we'd never be able to pay," said Hamlet.

"Ha-ha!" laughed Holmes. "It is evident that you know nothing of the laws of trade nowadays. Don't pay!"

"But how can we?" asked Raleigh.

"The method is simple. You haven't anything to pay with," returned Holmes. "Let him sue. Suppose he gets a verdict. You haven't anything he can attach—if you have, make it over to your wives or your fiancées."

"Is that honest?" asked Hamlet, shaking his head doubtfully.

"It's business," said Holmes.

"But suppose he wants an advance payment?" queried Hamlet.

"Give him a check drawn to his own order. He'll have to endorse it when he deposits it, and that will make him responsible," laughed Holmes.

"What a simple thing when you understand it!" commented Raleigh.

"Very," said Holmes. "Business is getting by slow degrees to be an exact science. It reminds me of the Brighton mystery, in which I played a modest part some ten years ago, when I first took up ferreting as a profession. I was sitting one night in my room at one of the Brighton hotels, which shall be nameless. I never give the name of any of the hotels at which I stop, because it might give offence to the proprietors of other hotels, with the result that my books would be excluded from sale therein. Suffice it to say that I was spending an early summer Sunday at Brighton with my friend Watson. We had dined well, and were enjoying our evening smoke together upon a small balcony overlooking the water, when there came a timid knock on the door of my room.

"'Watson,' said I, 'here comes some one for advice. Do you wish to wager a small bottle upon it?'

"'Yes,' he answered, with a smile. 'I am thirsty and I'd like a small bottle, and while I do not expect to win, I'll take the bet. I should like to know, though, how you know.'

"'It is quite simple,' said I. 'The timidity of the knock shows that my visitor is one of two classes of persons—an autograph-hunter or a client—one of the two. You see I give you a chance to win. It may be an autograph-hunter, but I think it is a client. If it were a creditor, he would knock boldly, even ostentatiously; if it were the maid, she would not knock at all; if it were the hall-boy, he would not come until I had rung five times for him. None of these things has occurred; the knock is the half-hearted knock which betokens either that the person who knocked is in trouble, or is uncertain as to his reception. I am willing, however, considering the heat and my desire to quench my thirst, to wager that it is a client.'

"'Done,' said Watson, and I immediately remarked, 'Come in.'

"The door opened, and a man of about thirty-five years of age, in a bathing-suit, entered the room, and I saw at a glance what had happened.

"'Your name is Burgess,' I said. 'You came here from London this morning, expecting to return to-night. You brought no luggage with you. After luncheon you went in bathing. You had machine No. 35, and when you came out of the water you found that No. 35 had disappeared, with your clothes and the silver watch your uncle gave you on the day you succeeded to his business.'

"Of course, gentlemen," observed the detective, with a smile at Sir Walter and Hamlet—"of course the man fairly gasped, and I continued: 'You have been lying face downward in the sand ever since waiting for nightfall, so that you could come to me for assistance, not considering it good form to make an afternoon call upon a stranger at his hotel, clad in a bathing-suit. Am I correct?'

"'Sir,' he replied, with a look of wonder, 'you have narrated my story exactly as it happened, and I find I have made no mistake in coming to you. Would you mind telling me what is your course of reasoning?'

"'It is plain as day,' said I. 'I am the person with the red beard with whom you came down third class from London this morning, and you told me your name was Burgess and that you were a butcher. When you looked to see the time, I remarked upon the oddness of your watch, which led to your telling me that it was the gift of your uncle.'

"'True,' said Burgess, 'but I did not tell you I had no luggage.'

"'No,' said I, 'but that you hadn't is plain, for if you had brought any other clothing beside that you had on with you, you would have put it on to come here. That you have been robbed I deduced also from your costume.'

"'But the number of the machine?' asked Watson.

"'Is on the tag on the key hanging about his neck,' said I.

"'One more question,' queried Burgess. 'How do you know I have been lying face downward on the beach ever since?'

"'By the sand in your eyebrows,' I replied; and Watson ordered up the small bottle."

"I fail to see what it was in our conversation, however," observed Hamlet, somewhat impatient over the delay caused by the narration of this tale, "that suggested this train of thought to you."

"The sequel will show," returned Holmes.

"Oh Lord!" put in Raleigh. "Can't we put off the sequel until a later issue? Remember, Mr. Holmes, that we are constantly losing time."

"The sequel is brief, and I can narrate it on our way to the office of the Navigation Company," observed the detective. "When the bottle came I invited Mr. Burgess to join us, which he did, and as the hour was late when we came to separate, I offered him the use of my parlor overnight. This he accepted, and we retired.

"The next morning when I arose to dress, the mystery was cleared."

"You had dreamed its solution?" asked Raleigh.

"No," replied Holmes. "Burgess had disappeared with all my clothing, my false beard, my suit-case, and my watch. The only thing he had left me was the bathing-suit and a few empty small bottles."

"And why, may I ask," put in Hamlet, as they drew near to Charon's office—"why does that case remind you of business as it is conducted to-day?"

"In this, that it is a good thing to stay out of unless you know it all," explained Holmes. "I omitted in the case of Burgess to observe one thing about him. Had I observed that his nose was rectilinear, incurved, and with a lifted base, and that his auricular temporal angle was between 96 and 97 degrees, I should have known at once that he was an imposter. *Vide* Ottolenghui on 'Ears and Noses I have met,' pp. 631–640."

"Do you mean to say that you can tell a criminal by his ears?" demanded Hamlet.

"If he has any—yes; but I did not know that at the time of the Brighton mystery. Therefore I should have staid out of the case. But here we are. Good-morning, Charon."

By this time the trio had entered the private office of the president of the Styx Navigation Company, and in a few moments the vessel was chartered at a fabulous price.

On the return to the wharf, Sir Walter somewhat nervously asked Holmes if he thought the plan they had settled upon would work.

"Charon is a very shrewd old fellow," said he. "He may outwit us yet."

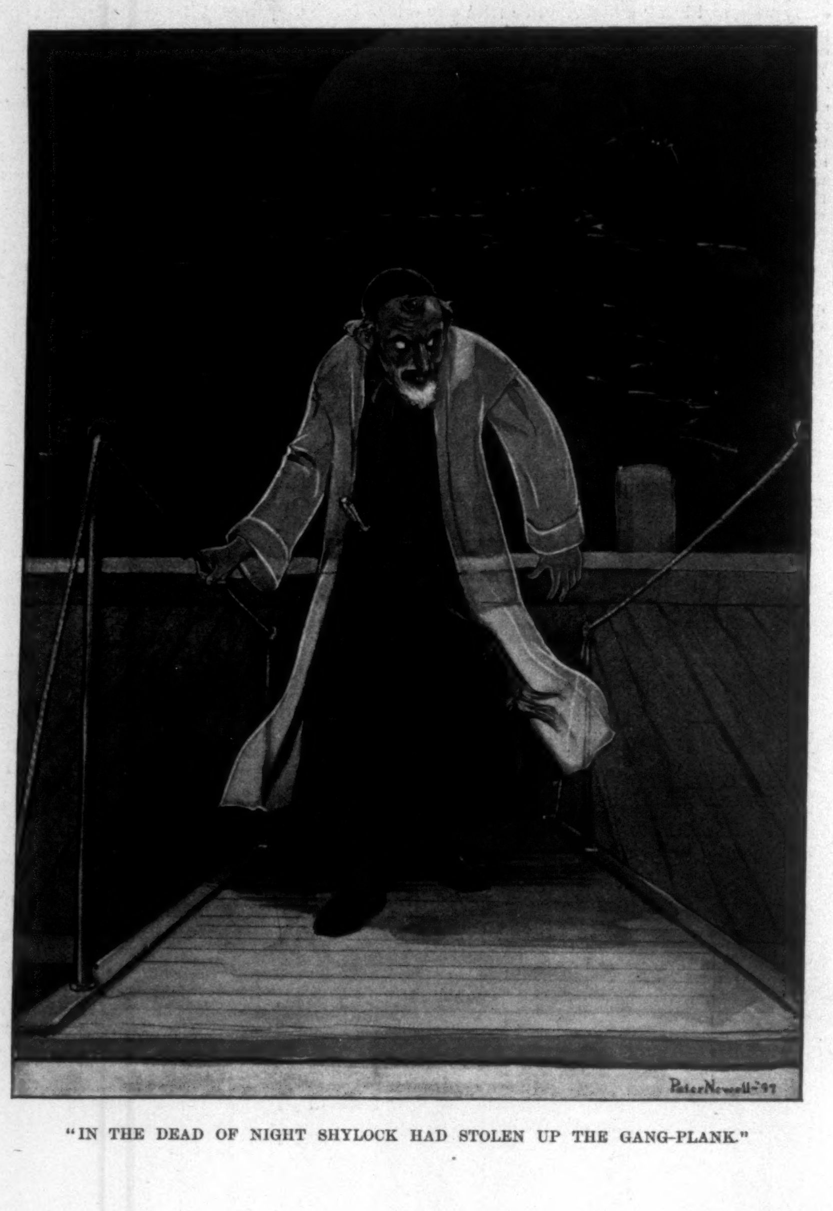
"The chances are just two and one-eighth degrees in your favor," observed Holmes, quietly, with a glance at Raleigh's ears. "The temporal angle of your ears is $93\frac{1}{8}$ degrees, whereas Charon's stand out at 91, by my otometer. To that extent your criminal instincts are superior to his. If criminology is an exact science, reasoning by your respective ears, you ought to beat him out by a perceptible though possibly narrow margin."

With which assurance Raleigh went ahead with his preparations, and within twelve hours the *Gehenna* was underway, carrying a full complement of crew and officers, with every state-room on board occupied by some spirit of the more illustrious kind.

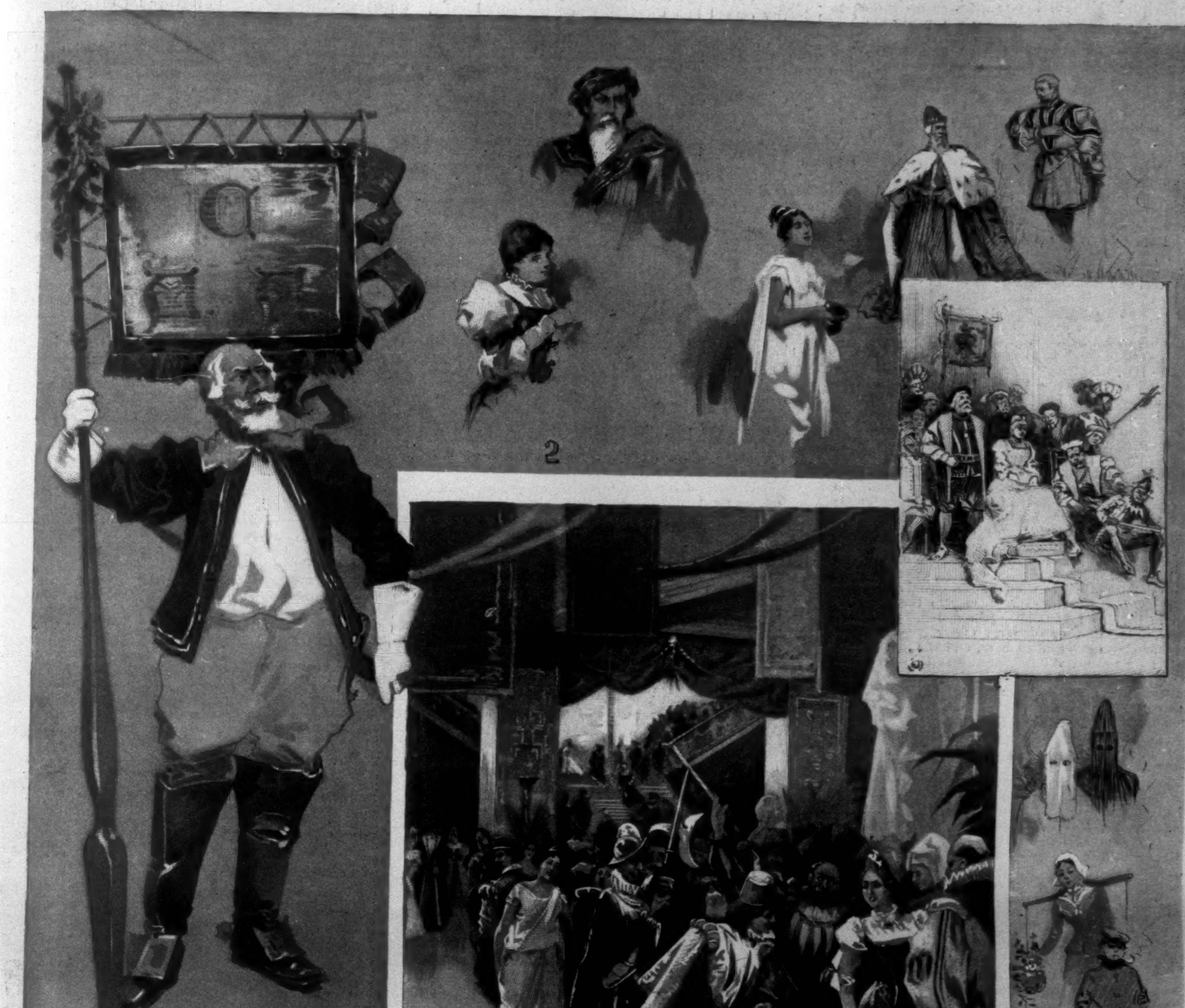
Even Shylock was on board, though no one knew it, for in the dead of night he had stolen quietly up the gang-plank and had hidden himself in an empty water-cask in the forecastle.

"'Tisn't Venice," he said, as he sat down and breathed heavily through the bung of the barrel, "but it's musty and damp enough, and considering the cost, I can't complain. You can't get something for nothing, even in Hades."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT SHYLOCK HAD STOLEN UP THE GANG-PLANK."



CHICAGO'S ART FESTIVAL—GIVEN BY THE CENTRAL ART ASSOCIATION AT THE ART INSTITUTE, MARCH 4.

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.—[See "This Busy World," Page 287.]

1. A German Soldier, Ancient Nuremberg. 2. Types—Gretchen, Faust, a Greek, Pope Julius II., an Italian. 3. The German Court, Ancient Nuremberg. 4. Scene in the Main Hall. 5. Types—Inquisitors, Dutch Peasants, a Venetian. 6. A Tableau—Phidias and his Pupils at Work on the Parthenon. 7. The Refreshment-Room.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *February 24, 1897.*

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady on a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

These were the lines I hummed to myself following a pack of fleet hounds over the beautiful grass country of Oxfordshire, near the picturesque old city of Banbury. There were lots of "fine ladies," to say nothing of several hundred fine gentlemen in pink coats and white breeches, who flew their fences or wallowed in streams and ditches on that memorable day; but of them all there was none more interesting to me, as an American, than a stout, handsome, and straight-riding Tory squire of about fifty, I should say, who was pointed out to me as Lord North.

My host—who was a hereditary legislator, and also a man of travel and reading—knew the bearer of this great name as an agreeable neighbor, but could not tell me whether he was a descendant of the great Lord North; and for that matter, I doubt if he knew that there had been a distinguished Prime Minister of that name.

Every American schoolboy knows all about Lord North and George III., who between them managed, in 1775, to provoke civil war between England and the American colonies; and yet here I meet a member of the British House of Lords to whom that memorable fact is no more than one small episode in a long dramatic history full of prime ministers and kings, whose mere enumeration causes weariness. I suppose that is one reason why we Americans cherish harsh feelings against England in general. Our history is short and easily remembered. Its only dramatic features consist of heroic struggles undertaken by virtuous patriots against a mother-country distinguished at that time principally for corrupt practices in government and loose morals in society.

Crowston Abbey, about four miles from Banbury, is the ancestral seat of the North family, where I was shown the many rare paintings and carvings of this grand old house. Here Charles I. slept while on his way to the battle of Edgehill in 1642, and here he again rested, but not so peacefully, after that encounter. Other sovereigns of England have been entertained here, and the magnificent apartments are preserved substantially as they were 250 years ago. As the name implies, the house was of ecclesiastical foundation, dating from the time of King John, and the original chapel stands to-day. I was shown paintings by Vandyck, Murillo, Peter Lely, Lawrence, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many more that I do not remember; but of them all the most interesting was a portrait of George III.'s Prime Minister in his prime. I do not recall any engraving or copy of this portrait, nor could Lady North enlighten me on this subject.

Lord North was Prime Minister of George III. for twelve long and eventful years—1770 to 1782. He was the best hated man of his time; and every American who, like myself, has absorbed first impressions from school-books designed with a view to patriotism rather than truth must have entertained for this statesman feelings of deep disgust. The massacre of Boston Common, the raid upon Concord and Lexington, the cruel treatment of American prisoners, the employment of German mercenary troops, and the still more disgraceful alliance with Indian tribes—all these rankled in my mind as a boy, and made me think that of all political monsters Lord North must have been the worst.

But now that I am beginning to get free from the poisonous rubbish forced into me as a schoolboy, I discover that Lord North, up to the day of his death, enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him personally, and was distinguished principally for extreme good-nature and imperturbable cheerfulness. Yet his name will go down in history associated only with disgrace to British arms and British statesmanship. The battles of Saratoga and of Yorktown are monuments to the stupidity of professional soldiers, comparable only with Braddock's campaign of 1755 and the Majuba Hill catastrophe of 1881.

Lord North was a loyal and fearless servant of his king, and that king happened to be obstinate and ignorant. Over and over again the Prime Minister begged his sovereign to release him from the responsibilities of his office, and each time the king made appeal to his minister's personal loyalty. In those twelve years Lord North sinned, but it was always his sovereign who egged him on and accepted responsibility.

There were peculiar reasons for this. As boys, young North and his future sovereign were playmates, and the abundant correspondence which is still preserved in the Queen's archives at Windsor abundantly proves to us that from childhood down to the close of the American war their relations were those of friends. The king used to write to his minister several times in one day, and always in the tone of complete confidence.

Lord North appears now as one who must have been desperately ignorant; yet such was not the case. On leaving Oxford he went abroad and studied at the University of Leipsic; he made, besides, the grand tour of Europe, and returned with a knowledge of French, German, and Italian. He was born in the same year as Washington, 1732, and entered Parliament for Banbury the year before "the Father of his Country" accompanied General Braddock in the expedition already referred to.

Many of the virtues which endear Washington to us were conspicuous in this great Tory squire. He was a clean man living in an age of filth. His family life was admirable, and he set an example of domestic virtue and happiness at a time when to be fashionable was to consider marriage a sham. His wife was only sixteen years old when he married her, and the union was blessed in every way. In a time when political elections were matters for barter and sale, when corruption flourished at Westminster Hall and St. James's Palace as it never yet has done at the White House, or even in the United States Senate, the bitterest opponents of Lord North did not add to his other misfortunes the fate which blackened the closing hours of the great Lord Bacon. No one who now reads the letters of this prejudiced and pertinacious Prime Minister can fail to do him justice in believing that his behavior towards America was no less patriotic than that of Franklin, Adams, or Washington. He was egregiously mistaken, and heavily did he pay for his mistake. A less courageous man would have deserted his king when the tide of popular opinion turned against him, but with Lord North the mere fact of George III. being in a hopeless minority caused him to support him the more loyally. Here is one of the many letters sent by George III. with a view to keeping North in his place:

"If I will not by your advice take the step I look on as disgraceful to myself and destructive to my country and family, are you resolved at the hour of danger to desert me?" (March 22, 1778.)

But even Lord North could not survive the disaster of Yorktown, though his king never forgave him for this alleged desertion. The minister laid down his office with a light heart, and retired to private life and the joys of an affectionate family circle. In 1787 he lost the use of his eyes, but was none the less cheerful company to the hundreds who sought the pleasure of conversation with him. His political opponents became now personal friends, and he enjoyed without alloy social intercourse with such men as Sheridan, Burke, and Charles James Fox. He was only sixty when he died, in 1792, living only long enough to foretell the savagery of the French Revolution.

Now I wonder how many Americans who read what I have written will insist that I have been deceived, and am drawing upon my imagination for this picture of the once hated Lord North? Some day I hope to amplify this bit of biography, and to prove that amongst the candidates for admission to the "house-boat on the Styx" none would be more acceptable to George Washington than his old enemy Lord North.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE CALL OF PALLAS ATHENE.

I call to ye, men of the Western Earth!
I, Pallas the armed one,
Athene of the Parthenon!
By the dead that sanctify shrine and hearth,
By the fathers who won your rights of birth,
By the mothers who made your race's worth,
By the Hope and the Grace that akin ye,
Be firm to your troth and true to your trust
And let not the miscreant lords of lust
Mock the bonds of blood that twin ye!

I call to ye, men whom Christ has bought,
I, Pallas the guarding power,
For thine is the need and mine is the hour!
Be not lulled to sloth by th' inglorious thought
That my spirit and purpose lived for naught
In the souls of the men who piously wrought
My image in jewelled gold
To stand by the gate of the mid-world sea
And ward the land of the fair and the free
From the swords of the Persian hordes of old!

I call to ye, men of Iber's strain!
I, Pallas the pitying!
I call with the voice of my knightly King!
For George the martyr, and George the Dane,
Draw sword and set spear in rest again
And sweep the Moslem out amain
From the isles of poets and Cities of God
Where your faith's and your kindred's story
Is clamored with lips all gory
And Vengeance groans from the reddened sod!

Jno. Malone.

PRIMARY LEGISLATION.

Under a recent decision of the Court of Appeals (Matter of Fairchild, 151 N. Y. 359) the procedure of conventions and conduct of primaries must be "regulated by law," or left to "the decision of the regularly constituted authorities of the party." The same decision holds that "the State Committee and State Convention of a party are its regularly constituted authorities." If there are factional contests in a party, the State Committee and State Convention will necessarily be in control of one faction or the other. The determinations of the controlling faction on all questions affecting the rights of the other faction will, in view of this decision, be sustained by the courts and be final. There can be no remedy until the right of every member of a party to vote at a primary and have his vote counted shall be fixed in the law. Violations of this right may be grouped in two classes:

1. Those affecting the right to membership in a party.
2. Those affecting the exercise of the franchise at a primary.

Where the rules and regulations of a political party require a previous enrolment of its members as a qualification for voting at a primary, wrongs of the first class appear in one or more of the following forms: Concealing the time and place of enrolment; refusal to permit enrolment; striking names off the rolls; padding the rolls, either by leaving on them the names of persons who have died or removed, or by putting on them the names of fictitious persons, or persons of another political party, and having some one impersonate such persons and vote upon their names. In open primaries, where a previous enrolment is not required, the same wrong is perpetrated by persons actually belonging to another political party, who make application to vote, and, if challenged, swear in their vote by taking an oath that they are members of the political party holding the primary.

Under the second class the most prevalent wrongs are—concealing the time and place of holding the primary; shortening and lengthening the time of holding the primary; holding the primary outside of the proper district; making false poll lists; failure to permit an inspection of the ballot-box at the opening of the primary; failure to canvass the ballots in public; failure to give a certificate of election to the persons elected.

The latter class of wrongs are comparatively easy of correction by penal legislation. The necessity for such correction is generally conceded. The former class are much easier to perpetrate and more difficult to detect and punish. They can never be eradicated while the membership of a party is fixed by its own rules and regulations as interpreted by the men who may be in control of the "regularly constituted authorities of the party." One of the main purposes of the Primary bill introduced by me (Senate Bill No. 432) is to correct these evils by providing for an official enrolment of all members of every political party who desire to take part in its primaries. The proposed system is known as the "Kentucky Plan."

In all places where personal appearance before the inspectors of election is required in order to entitle an elector to be registered to vote at a general election, each person who applies to be registered will be asked the question, "Do you desire to register for the purpose of participating in the primaries of the political party with which you affiliate?" He is not required to answer, nor does his failure to do so affect in any way his right to register for the purpose of voting at any election.

If he answers this question in the affirmative, he will be asked the further question, "With what party do you wish to affiliate?" The name of the political party given in answer to the latter question will be recorded in the column of the registration-book provided therefor. These registers are filed in the proper public office, and become public records, open to inspection and copying by any elector. Provision is made for the "special registration" of any elector who may have removed from the election district in which he registered, who may have attained his majority after election day, or who may have failed to register by reason of sickness or necessary absence from his residence at the time of registration. By filing a verified statement of the facts with the same public officer with whom the registers of electors are filed, every such elector may have his name recorded in a book provided for the purpose, to be known as a "Special Register for Primaries."

Those whose party affiliation has been so stated and recorded in the registers of electors or in such special registers for primaries, and only those, shall be entitled to participate in the primaries of their respective political parties from the date of the general election after such registration to the date of the corresponding general election one year later.

It is made the duty of the general committee of a political party to procure a certified copy of the list of names of electors whose affiliation with that party has been recorded or specially registered in the election district or districts contained in the political subdivision in and for which a primary is to be held. Such a certified list shall constitute the official roll of members of the party in such subdivision. Any person whose name is upon that roll may vote at the primaries of that party.

The plan fits any form of party organization. It does not violate the constitutional provision for secrecy in voting. It gives no plainer indications of the ticket an elector will vote than actual participation in party work does now. It fixes by law the status of each elector, so far as the question of his membership in a party is concerned. It defines his right to the franchise at a primary. Supplemented by other provisions for the protection of the actual exercise of the franchise, it must eradicate or materially reduce the present evils which bring party management into such disrepute.

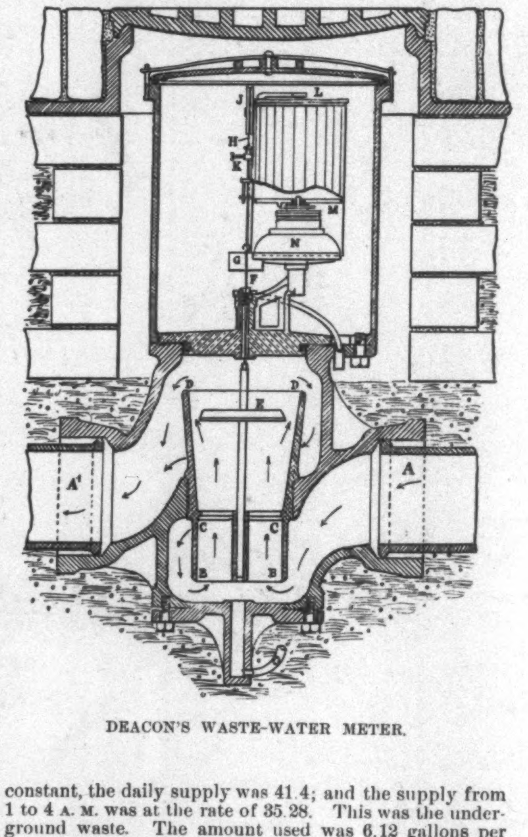
Frank D. Pavey.

THE BROOKLYN WATER FAMINE.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., M. INST. C. E.

III.

Repeated reference has been made in these letters to the work of Mr. G. T. Deacon, in connection with the water-supply of Liverpool. In his report of his experience* he describes the work done in four districts of Liverpool, of which the average population is 7118, and where the supply was intermittent, the head being on the pipes for nine hours per day only. The amount supplied was 20.71 gallons per head.† When the head was made constant, the daily supply was 41.4; and the supply from 1 to 4 A. M. was at the rate of 35.28. This was the underground waste. The amount used was 6.12 gallons per head per day.



DEACON'S WASTE-WATER METER.

In the earlier work of detection an ordinary piston meter was used, and it was possible, by counting its strokes, to estimate pretty closely the effect of cutting off a portion of the pipe system, and thereby stopping a certain amount of leakage.

Experiment and invention led to the devising of a method of great simplicity and certainty. The meter used finally took the form shown in the accompanying cut.

* Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Volume XLII., p. 143, *et seq.*

† The amounts in the original are, in this paper, converted to United States gallons.

The water moves in the direction shown by the arrows, A being the inflow, and A' the outflow. The disk E normally rests on the seat CC. When the water is turned on it lifts the disk until there is space enough between it and the walls of the flaring chamber, in which it plays vertically, to give passage to the volume flowing. The stem of the disk is continued upwards, and carries a pencil at K. L is a drum revolving by clockwork (once in twenty-four hours). This is provided with a paper band having vertical lines to indicate the time, and horizontal lines to indicate the volume of flow. The pencil plays up and down, as the flow is more or less, recording the volume passing through the meter at any given moment.

The meter is placed in a chamber under the sidewalk, and is fed with a by-pass pipe large enough to carry the ordinary service flow. It is so situated as to control a certain district or a certain portion (called the "meter district") of the pipage.

When the night flow of the whole district has been determined, one section of the pipage after another is cut off, and a record is thus made to indicate the amount of waste in each section. In like manner waste due to breaks, leaking fittings, or open faucets in particular houses is located by closing every supply-cock in succession.

This automatic inspection obviates the annoyance to those whose plumbing is in good order, which was inevitable in the house-to-house inspections formerly necessary. The inspector knows the time of opening or closing gates or surface-cocks, and the diagram from the meter shows the effect of each change.

In Mr. Deacon's earlier work, one district of Liverpool, with a population of 31,080, had a supply of 40.2 gallons per head per day. The stoppage of the leaks, indicated by the meter, reduced the supply to 15.96 gallons, and later to about 14 gallons. One section of this district, with a population of 2134, had its supply reduced to less than 8 gallons per head per day.

Mr. Hope gives a table showing the condition of 100 waste-water meter districts in a single town, where house-to-house inspection had formerly been relied on. When the new system was first applied, one-half of the districts were wasting an average of 24 gallons per head per day. One-third was wasting 38 gallons, and 8 per cent. were wasting from 48 to 158 gallons per head per day. Some months later 90 per cent. of the whole were wasting an average of less than 14 gallons, and some years later the average waste of all the districts was reduced to only 8¼ gallons—the highest being 18 gallons.

In the New River district of London a diagram from the meter is taken every 14 days for each meter district. So long as the "waste-line" remains below a certain limit no attention is given to it. When it rises above this limit measures are at once taken to localize and to stop the waste. In one case it was found that 2000 gallons per hour were running to waste. Seven hundred gallons of this waste were located in houses and stopped. The remaining 1300 gallons per hour were ground waste. This was located by stethoscoping along the top of the four-inch main after midnight. On opening the ground the next day it was found that the pipe was broken in two. The water from the fracture ran away through an old main. After this leak was repaired, the meter showed that the waste had ceased.

The experience of Liverpool is interesting and instructive. Up to the middle of 1874 it had only an intermittent supply. The underground work was so defective that it was deemed wise to subject it to a head only during the hours of greatest use. Water for closed hours was stored in cisterns and tanks in the houses. Mr. Deacon had made his experiments before this time, and had then secured authority to inaugurate a systematic detection and prevention of waste. By the end of 1875 he had so far completed his work that the last valve of the intermittent district was thrown full open, "with much circumstance and rejoicing."

In his address as president of the engineering section of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain (1894) Mr. Deacon says:

"All town supplies of water are divided, as we now know, into two parts—

"1. That part which reaches the water fittings, and is actually made use of [or wasted] by the consumers.

"2. That part which leaks out from the pipes, joints, and fittings, may do evil, but cannot benefit any one.

"Experience of a large number of water-supplies in this country and abroad has satisfied me that on the average the second division—that is, water lost by leakage—is the larger of the two."

His theory was that if wasted water can be saved "we shall not only be enabled to give a constant supply, but shall do so with economy of water also." He sums up the results of his work thus: "Of such a change in so short a time Liverpool might well be proud, but when it is known that after paying all the expenses of that change, none of which were charged to capital, a great revenue has been derived from the sale of water formerly lost through the leakages of which I have spoken, there is cause not only for pride, but jubilation."

The loss from leakage was so reduced in 1876 that water sold to trades by meter increased 25 per cent., and without meter, for domestic and all other purposes, was made to supply 33,000 increase of population, and this with the delivery of 12 per cent. less water than before the improvement began. The revenue continued to grow from the sale of water to new populations and new trade consumers, "who continued to be supplied from the constantly increased savings of the water formerly lost by leakage." Still selling the water at the same rates, Liverpool, from 1880 to 1889, paid the interest on $8,750,000 expended on the new water-supply, and even after the expenditure of $12,000,000 on new works the charge for domestic supply was only slightly increased, and that for manufacturing supplies was reduced one-third.

It is shown in the foregoing that in one case the actual consumption of water was less than 6 gallons per head, and in another less than 8 gallons per head per day. There is much instruction in these figures for our engineers. It is quite generally assumed that 100 gallons, or 80 gallons, or 60 gallons per head per day is a limit below which a supply of water must not be allowed to fall. This requirement is supported by the theory that the American people are accustomed to such a free and lavish use of water that it is impossible to bring them down to anything like the European standard. That may possibly be true of the whole population. It is undoubtedly true of the classes with which our engineers come into social contact. It is by no means, except to a very slight degree, applicable to the enormous masses of our people who are poor and who live in a very simple way. There are no statistics on the subject, but those who know the habits of the poorer classes of New York and Brooklyn will surely accept the statement that they do not use even so much as 10 gallons per head per day.

Whatever the exact figures may be, there is no sort of question that before any American town—and Brooklyn especially—gives thought, energy, or money to an increase of its water-supply, it should follow the example that has been set by Liverpool, and see to what extent it can furnish to the people for their use the 40 or 50 gallons per head per day that it is now running away into the ground through leaks which may be prevented.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

Beware of the "just as good" humbug. Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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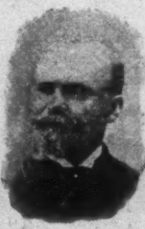

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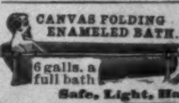

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"A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS."—EMERSON.

IN glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" we met, in the Emerson section, one of the sage's fine passages that ran in this wise:

"Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work has tended to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared more than half a century ago we so much needed, namely, a guide to the best reading.

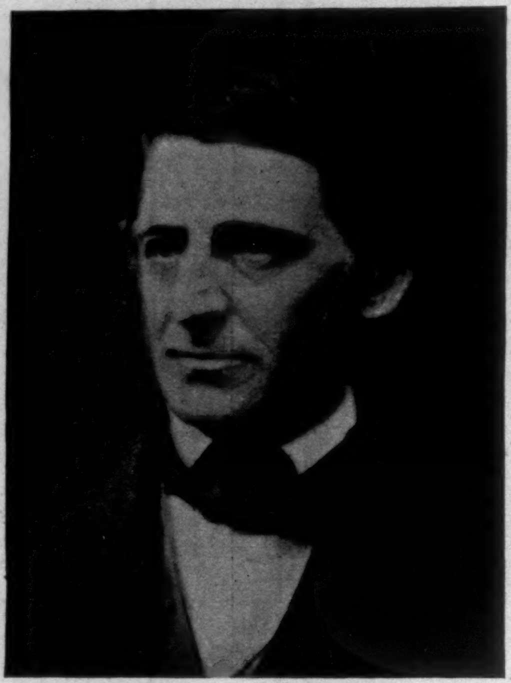
Emerson, indeed, likens a library of miscellaneous books to a lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

Think what is here accomplished. In the case of Emerson himself, the general voice has proclaimed his two volumes of "Essays" as a requisite for every library. But if we have the wish to go further and know more of the work of our greatest man of letters, what volume shall we select? There are ten or eleven others to choose from. Looking into Mr. Warner's Library we find that Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, a life-long student and biographer of Emerson, has written a critique that gives us exactly what we wish to know.

Again, take the case of the man who occupies in German life the same place as the Sage of Concord in American life. All told, Goethe's writings comprise seventy compact volumes. Emerson himself, in one of those delightful letters he wrote to Carlyle, tells how, after years of effort, he has "succeeded in getting through thirty-five," and despairs of the other half. But who, even among those who call themselves well-read, have despatched thirty-five volumes of the great German, or even a half or a third of thirty-five? Nevertheless we do not like to remain without at least a general and historical view of Goethe's tremendous activity, and, furthermore, if we go beyond "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister," we are—the most of us—lost in a sea of conjecture as to which of the remaining sixty-eight volumes we shall attack.

How happily has Mr. Warner here come to our relief! He has chosen to prepare the Goethe section for the Library no less a scholar than Prof. Edward Dowden, of Dublin, the president of the Goethe Society of England. The assignment was most fitting, as no Englishman since Carlyle is so well versed in all that pertains to the great German, none knows better of his strength and power, none better his shortcomings and his weaknesses. Here we have the distilled essence of his criticism, together with Professor Dowden's choice of what is of paramount and lasting value in the legacy Goethe has left to us.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Professor Evans, of Munich, performs for us a like service with Schiller; Prof. Maurice Francis Egan does the same with Calderon; Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, with Dante; Professor Santayana with Cervantes; the historian Lecky with Gibbon; Charlton T. Lewis with Bacon, and so on. Never, it seems to us, was so much talent, such an array of eminent names, pressed into service for the production of such compact and pregnant expositions and criticism.

It would be a great mistake, however, to believe that the new Library which Mr. Warner and his associates have prepared has to do with nothing but the "classics." Here, for instance, is Dumas the elder. Who is there that has not fallen a victim to the stirring romances of "The Three Musketeers" and their extensive kin? Many of us, when we have once got into their companionship, hardly know where to stop. But we do not want to be misled into reading an immense number of worthless and mediocre stories that Dumas, in the burst of his fame, was led to palm off as his own, though they were in reality the work of others. There never was a more delightful "professor of books" than Andrew Lang, and we doubt if there is any one living who could tell us so much as he has told us in the Library of what is interesting and what we wish to know of Dumas.

We cross from the field of romance over into that of poetry, and the first name we chance upon is that of Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets who ever lived—no one questions that. And yet what great poet ever left so much fine wheat mixed with so much chaff? Dr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the London *Spectator* and one of the sanest and most appreciative of living critics, has chosen for this Library the best of Wordsworth's poetry, and has planned such further journeys through the poet's writings as the reader may wish to take.

And so we might go on. But we think we have made clear to the reader that which struck us so forcibly when we looked into the Emerson section, namely, how finely Mr. Warner has, in his Library, succeeded in satisfying the great want which Emerson there so well voiced, that of a "professor of books." Exactly as the professor of chemistry or physics or astronomy or biology gives his pupils a view of the whole field of his science, the summary of its achievements, its great names and its great works, so Mr. Warner and his associates have given us the distillation not merely of the whole world's literature, in itself a colossal attempt, but in addition its history, biography, and criticism as well. It is only when we grasp its full import that we realize the truly vast and monumental character of the Library. It must assuredly rank as one of the most notable achievements of the century.

That there is a widespread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes clearly appears from the number and the character of the letters which are coming from far and near to the Harper's Weekly Club, through which a portion of the first edition is being distributed.

Although the first edition is the most desirable because printed from the fresh, new plates, the publishers, instead of advancing the price, have actually reduced it nearly half, so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection.

The number of sets available has also been diminished by the fact that several of the leading magazines have reserved a portion of this first edition for their readers.

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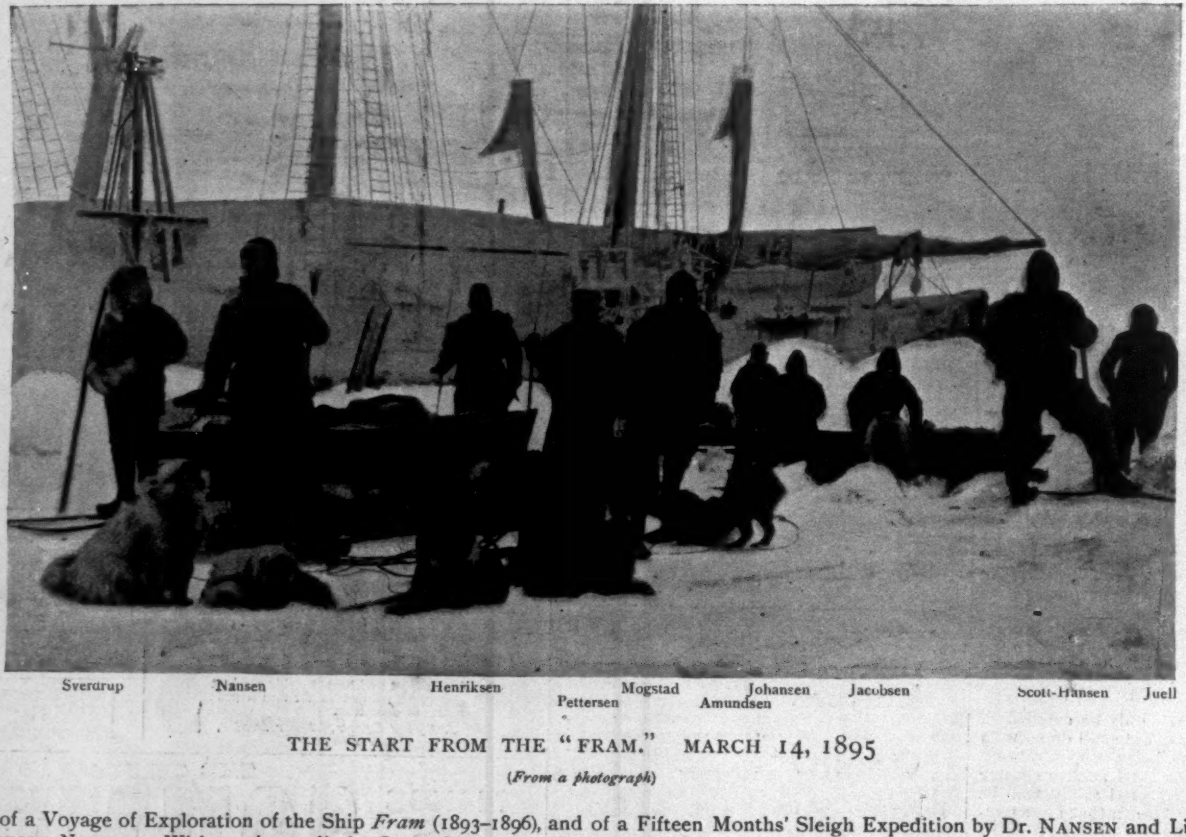

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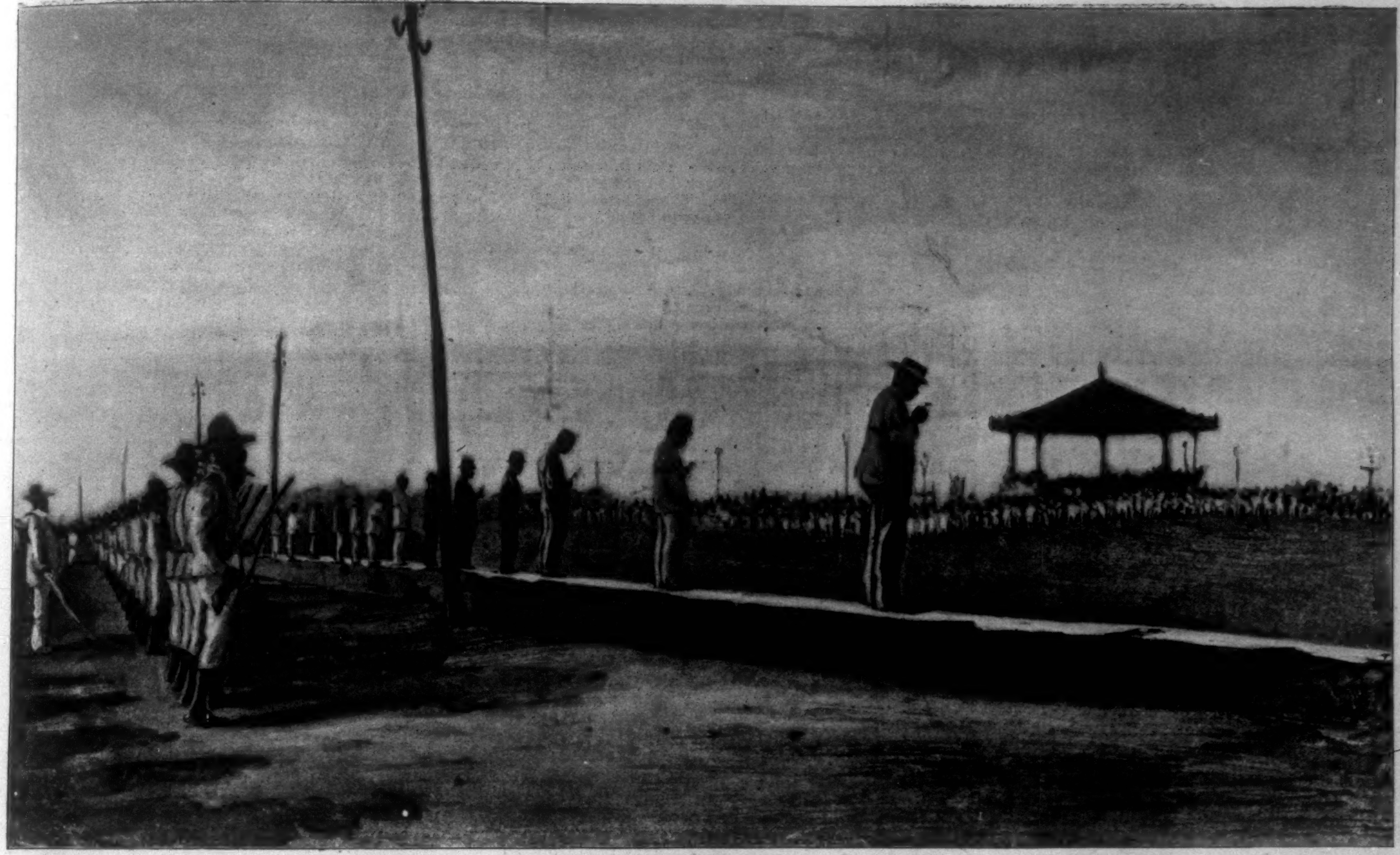
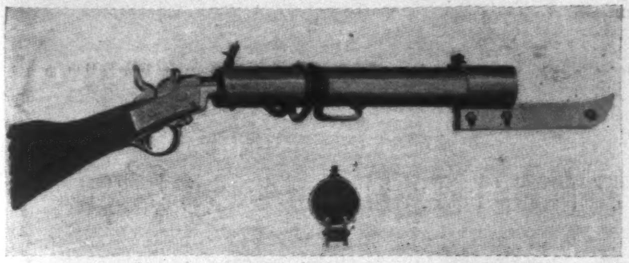


SPAIN'S TROUBLES IN THE PHILIPPINES—RECENT EXECUTION AT MANILA OF REBELS, INCLUDING THREE NATIVE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—[See Page 287.]

AMATEVR-SPORT

THE MECHANICAL PITCHER.

The project of constructing an artificial pitcher was suggested to me by considerations which all who are interested in baseball will appreciate. I had remarked the frequent occurrence of a "sore arm," as also that it was only in the matches themselves that many a batter had experience of really first-class pitching—Ramsay, for instance, who in 1887, amongst other triumphs, pitching for Louisville against St. Louis, struck out sixteen successive batters. His was a wonderfully sharp drop-ball, over which his opponents struck too high. But his elbow gave out—that is the part which a drop particularly affects—and the next season knew him not.



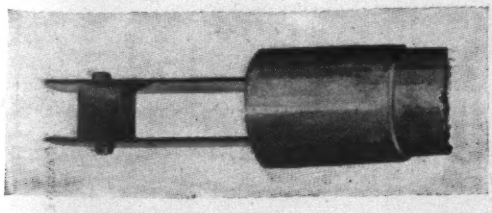
MECHANICAL PITCHER FOR FIELD USE.

Amongst college boys I had noticed many a case of an aspirant who had to relinquish all efforts to make the team because his arm gave out. The Princeton captain himself, of the successful year of 1896, pitched for but half the season of 1895. His arm failed—failed not as the price of any dear-won victory, but in his daily efforts to give the members of the team practice.

What is the reason that pitching is so severe a strain on the arm? In the case of the bowler in cricket there is nothing like the same precariousness in the state of the arm.

The reason is twofold. Measuring the speed at which Messrs. Bradley and Altman of the Princeton team delivered the ball, I found it was slightly over 100 feet a second, or at the rate of 70 miles an hour. Now, on the authority of *Outing*, for 1889, the quickest bowling only reaches a speed of 55 miles an hour, thus showing an excess of about 40 per cent. in favor of the pitched ball.

As shown in the course of my experiments, the spin of the ball in order to produce a curve has to be very quick—faster than a spin which would make it traverse the same distance at the same speed if rolling simply. What steel-like tension of the tendons and how great a tax on all the fibres of the arm are necessary to produce this result! Professional trainers do not let a pitcher take part in more than five games a fortnight. The number of men who can pitch being very limited, and the number of balls which the limited number of pitchers can deliver being also limited, a simple and easily handled instrument which would send down balls of any required speed and curve would be advantageous, not only for the preparation of a team, but in daily practice amongst boys.



THE "FINGERS" OF THE MECHANICAL PITCHER.

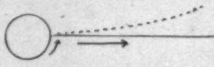


Fig. 1.

The most obvious plan is to make a catapult. A catapult can easily be made. But of the catapults known to the ancients, or constructed in modern times, there is none which imparts a rotary motion to the projectile. It is the rotary motion causes the curve. A good rule for remembering the connection between the spin on the ball and the curve it takes is this, that the ball tends to deflect from a straight line to that side towards which the front of the ball is moving. If the long arrow (Fig. 1) denotes the course of the ball, and the curved arrow the direction of its rotation around a vertical axis, the ball will pursue the curve indicated by the dotted line, moving in the direction towards which the front of the ball is moving. The first attempt towards making a mechanical pitcher lay in the direction of modifying a catapult. It was obvious that the ball must be carried in some kind of artificial hand, and that the hand must both give the rotary motion and release the ball at the right moment. The following plan was tried:

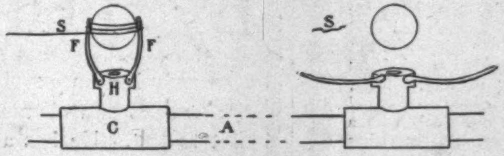


Fig. 2.
A Axis. C Carrier. H Hand. F Finger. S String.

On the axis A (Fig. 2), by means of a powerful spring, the carrier C was driven at a suitable velocity.

On a pivot let into C was placed the hand H, so that as it was carried along it could rotate freely about a vertical axis. Attached to H by joints moving freely up and down are fingers, F, of which only two are shown. By means of a string, S, wound round them, these fingers are made to clasp the ball tightly. One end of the string S is fastened by a piece of rubber band to a fixed point of the machine. Then, as the carrier C is driven forward, on the release of a trigger, the string S imparts a rotary motion. When the string is all unwound the fingers fly apart by centrifugal velocity, and the ball is left free to fly rotating on its course.

This device failed altogether in point of accuracy of aim. Indeed, as will afterwards appear, even if the direction had been true enough for measurement, there would have been no visible curve. Many other plans suggested themselves, but in each and all the structure of the hand was so intimately connected with the whole build of the machine that experiments in this direction promised to become very expensive.

At this juncture it occurred to me that practically whenever men wished to impel a ball with velocity and precision, they drove it out of a tube with powder. Following then the course of history, I determined to use a cannon of a bore which would just hold a baseball, and then to try various plans for imparting the spin; first to get the good straight ball, and then try to give the curves.

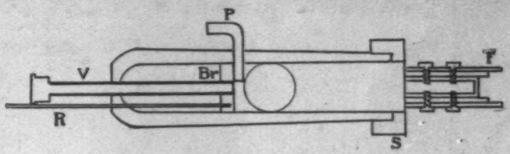
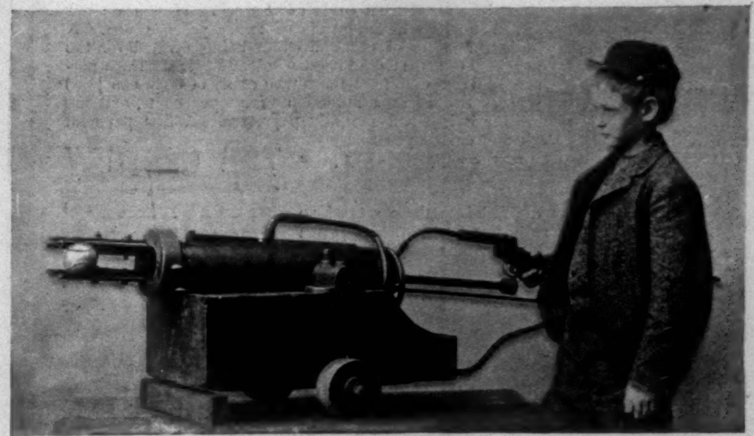


Fig. 3.
P Tube for powder gas. Br Movable breech. S Sleeve on muzzle.
F Fingers. V Tube for valve.

The cannon (Fig. 3) was the one on which I began to work. It proved, however, no very easy thing to drive a baseball with anything like a constant and reliable velocity. At first the powder was enclosed in a small chamber, and exploded by means of a primer struck by hand. But one could not be sure that all the powder would burn. The force of the blow made a difference, and the impact of the powder, in its explosion on the ball, made it expand, fit too tight, and consequently sometimes merely roll out of the muzzle—sometimes fly off with prodigious velocity.

These difficulties were partly overcome. Varying every circumstance slightly and noting the effect, I found that an increase in the length of the tube in which the powder



MECHANICAL PITCHER—EXPERIMENTAL FORM.

was confined and a diminution in its bore was the most efficacious. The tube shown in the figure is longer than is necessary. But it serves a very essential object—namely, in signalling to the batter. Since the ball emerges suddenly from the muzzle, some device must be adopted to compensate for the motion of the pitcher's arm: a signal at the moment of pulling the trigger, and the constant period which elapses before the ball emerges from the muzzle, owing to the length of the powder-tube, give the requisite notice.

Another point which was learned in these preliminary experiments was the use of a variable breech. By shifting the breech backwards and forwards in the barrel behind the delivery-tube of the powder, the force of the gases can be regulated, and the same cartridge will give a quick or a slow ball.

As shown in the figure, the cannon is fitted with a breech-loading-rifle action, which works perfectly satisfactorily.

The long tube coming out of the rear of the cannon was originally used to explode the powder in. But the powder impinging directly on the ball tended to destroy it, and a patch placed on the ball to preserve it often adhered to the ball, and forming a kind of rudder, steered it in an irregular and incalculable curve. This tube is now used for a pressure-valve. By means of a small safety-valve the pressure of the gas in the bore can be so regulated that dangerous velocities are impossible.

I am anticipating, however, for most of these mortifications came later. As soon as I obtained a good strong ball of no very great divergence up and down, I began to try different means for producing a curve.

The first device tried was to roughen one side of the barrel so that the ball should gain a rotary motion in the tube itself. To this end a number of small studs were let into one side of the barrel, with their ends slightly projecting on the inside.

There was no effect produced beyond destroying the previously attained degree of accuracy of aim.

The plan then suggested itself of unwinding the ball from a ribbon. If a ribbon were wound round it, held at one end, then, to escape, it must unwind itself and be delivered in the air rotating.

To test if this were possible I used a wooden ball with a groove in it, with a steel wire wound round in the groove. Fastening the end of the wire in the breech of the gun, I let fly, with the invariable result that the wire was carried away. Again, I tried the effect of a ribbon placed across the opening of the barrel, one end being tightly secured, the other end being easily detachable. To pass this ribbon the ball must traverse its whole length, and, as it were, unwind itself from it. As a matter of fact, however, even a short ribbon took nearly all the motion out of the ball, and it fell dead a short distance from the gun.

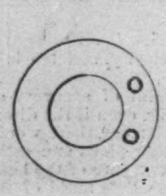


Fig. 4.

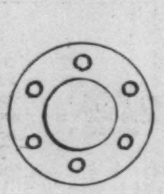


Fig. 5.

One plan after another failing, it began to seem as if the required result would never be attained. But there was the fact of the pitcher before me. He certainly attained the object. He delivered a curved ball. How? By fingers. Bright at the end of long inquiry, instead of at the beginning, I resolved to copy the pitcher.

The cannon should have fingers.

In the muzzle of the gun I had a couple of holes bored and topped so that iron rods could be screwed in. On these rods then could be built an imitation of human fingers.

But looking at these two holes, Fig. 4, they seemed so unsymmetrical and unsightly that simply to make the cannon look well I had four others inserted, Fig. 5, so as to stand at equal intervals in the circumference.

Taking the gun down to the cage again, I put artificial fingers in the two adjacent holes. The fingers were metal rods wound round with string so as to bear on the ball as it emerged from the barrel.

There was no discernible result. I tried again and again, but the fingers seemed merely to deflect the ball. I could trace no sign of a curve. As, however, I had the whole series of six holes, I tried omitting one, and instead of placing the fingers in two adjacent holes, placing them in holes one-third of a circumference apart.

The Princeton trainer, Jack MacMaster, took an interest in the experiments. He was watching at the time. The very first ball fired in this new position of fingers he pronounced to be a nine-inch curve.

Subsequent shots confirmed this result. The shooting was as true with the fingers as without, and by altering the shape of the fingers greater curves were obtained. Here was a principle of rifling new to me, and which, I believe, has not been applied before—a rifling by the application of surfaces bearing on the ball after it leaves the barrel of a gun.

And if I may be permitted to moralize, I would point out the lesson conveyed—the duty and advantage of attention to personal appearance. If I had not attended to the appearance of the gun, I should have pronounced the fingers as great a failure as the other devices had proved.

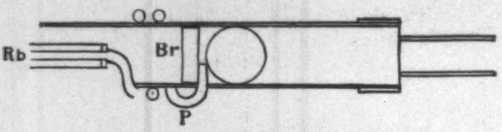


Fig. 6.
P Tube for powder gas. Br Movable breech. Rb. Rifle-barrel.

The reason of the more distant fingers producing an effect while those near together do not is obvious. To spin a top we rotate the axis, and so get a high velocity. The fingers in the more distant holes impinge on the ball nearer the axis of its rotation, and so produce a spin of greater velocity. The contrivance with a cord and a rotating holder, which was described above, can now be seen to have another cause of failure—the rotation induced is not quick enough. The ball must spin at a rate faster than that by which, if it were placed against the ground, it would be carried on with a velocity equal to that of its actual course.

The best shape and dimensions of the fingers have formed the subject of a number of experiments. The most convenient form for them is that of a plate cut into the arc of a circle of a radius of about three feet. The convexity is turned inwards towards the ball, and it is found that a rubber covering put on with cement is quite durable and gives the best effect.

The fingers are carried in a movable sleeve round the muzzle, so that by simply turning their support they will give any required curve.

The experimental cannon having fulfilled its purpose, it remained to combine its serviceable features in a handy and portable weapon. Figure 6 shows the gun in its present form. The barrel consists of a brass tube. The powder is discharged in a breech-loading-rifle action, and is carried round the barrel in a thin coiled tube, entering the barrel again just behind the ball. Behind this inlet is a movable breech to regulate the speed. At the muzzle is the movable sleeve carrying the light steel plates which, coated with rubber, serve for fingers. In the drawing the fingers are placed so as to give a drop-curve.

It is obvious that the device of fingers for producing rotation can be applied to a catapult form of projector. But the gun has much to recommend it on the score of handiness. It can be used so as to deliver ball after ball at the same speed in the same curve, or it can be varied from shot to shot, according to the wish or skill of the manipulator. When we consider the deeply implanted love of shooting which exists in every boy, and consider, moreover, that in using the baseball-gun the marksman aims at a target defended by another, and has to use all the varieties of speed and curve to overcome the defence, it may be reckoned as at least probable that a kind of shooting will come in of a less destructive nature than that which year by year accelerates the destruction of the game of the country. Charles Howard Hinton.

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Well, I declare! McKinley, you've been President a week,
And I 'ain't had my salary raised. Why don't your Honor speak?
Where's all that boom you fellers said we folks would surely get?
You've been in office seven days, and 'ain't done nothin' yet.

Look here, McKinley, Mister Man, there's something else, likewise,
About your 'ministration that has filled me with surprise:
You've had a week to mash old Spain, yet, far as I can see
In all the mornin' papers, little Cuba isn't free.

And then again, McKinley — I ain't through, by any means;
I've got my eye upon you, and I'm rather up on beans—
Them revenues, where are they? Where's that golden pile of sponds
That you were going to give us 'stead of Grover's blooming bonds?

Why ain't the Sandwich Islands in the Union? Tell me, eh?
Ten days in office nearly up, and nothin' done to-day!
And what about Armenia? And how about the Greeks?
I'll bet a dime they'll not be fixed in twenty-seven weeks!

It's dilly-dally all the time; put off, delay, postpone.
It's shilly-shally, scarlet tape, until the people groan.
To-morrow, or day after that, or two or three perhaps—
By Jinks, you politicians are a lazy lot of chaps!

But I am on to *you*, sir. You're a man like all the rest,
Now that you're in the office, as we voters might have guessed.
Instead of minding business, you have caught the same old germ,
And now you're holdin' back because you want a second term. Carlyle Smith.

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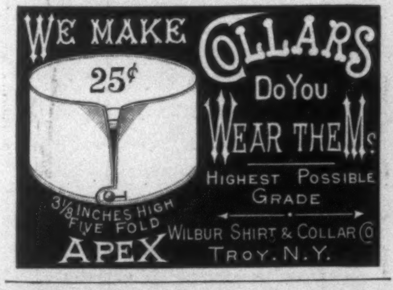

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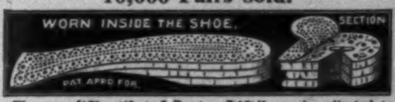
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